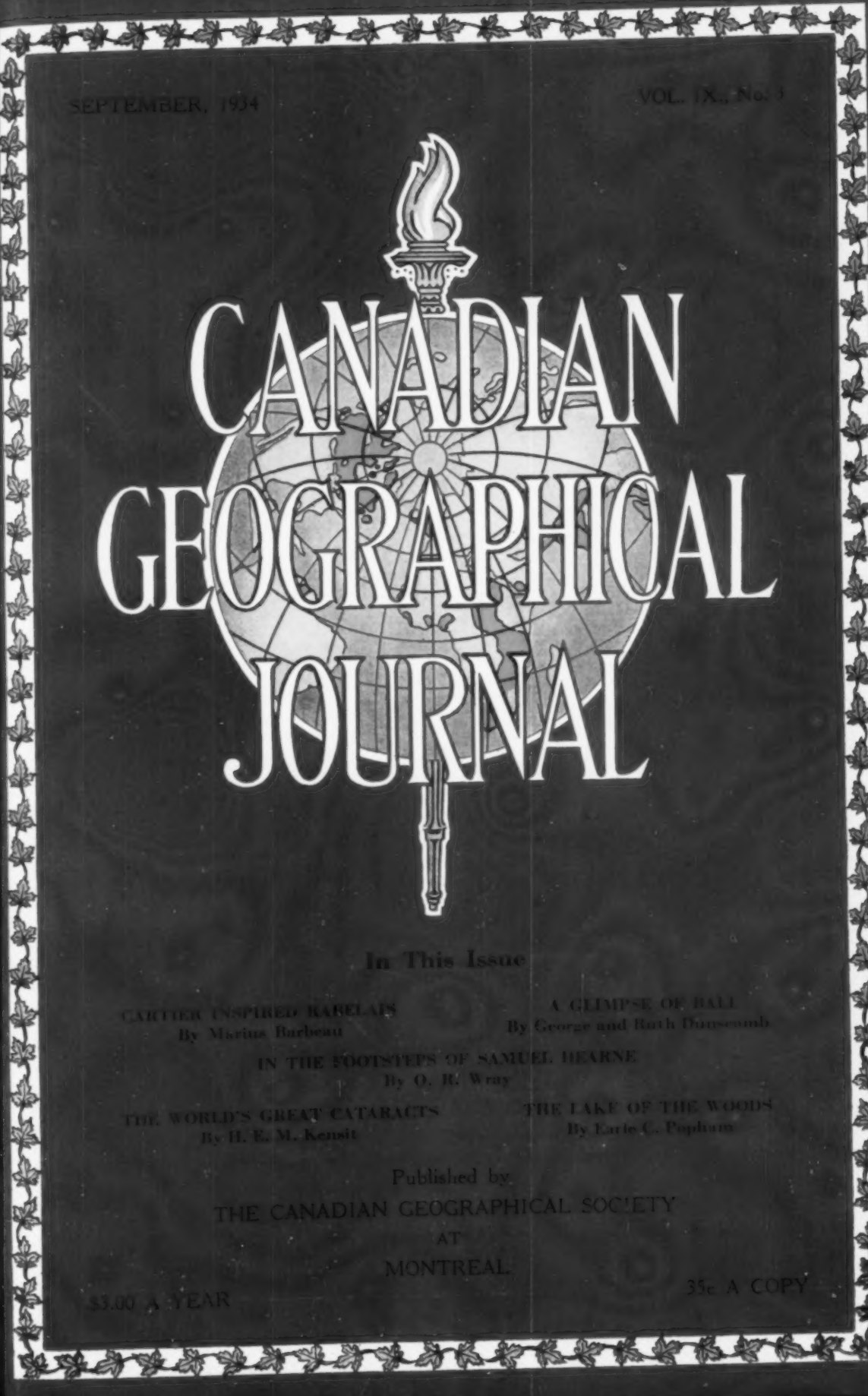


SEPTEMBER, 1934

VOL. IX., No. 3



# CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

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CARTIER INSPIRED RARELAIS

By Marius Barbeau

A GLIMPSE OF HALL

By George and Ruth Dousemb

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SAMUEL HEARNE

By O. R. Wray

THE WORLD'S GREAT CATARACTS

By H. E. M. Kensit

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS

By Earle C. Popham

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THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

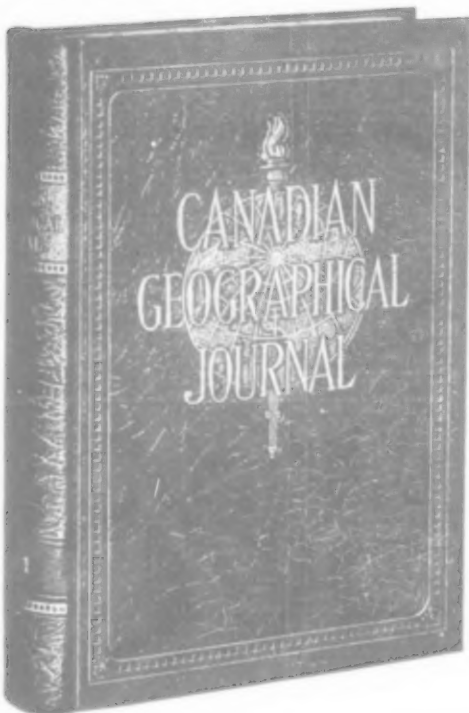
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*Above:—The unveiling of the Cross erected at Gaspé in remembrance of Jacques Cartier, on August 26th., the occasion of the arrival of the Quadracentenary delegation from the explorer's native France.*

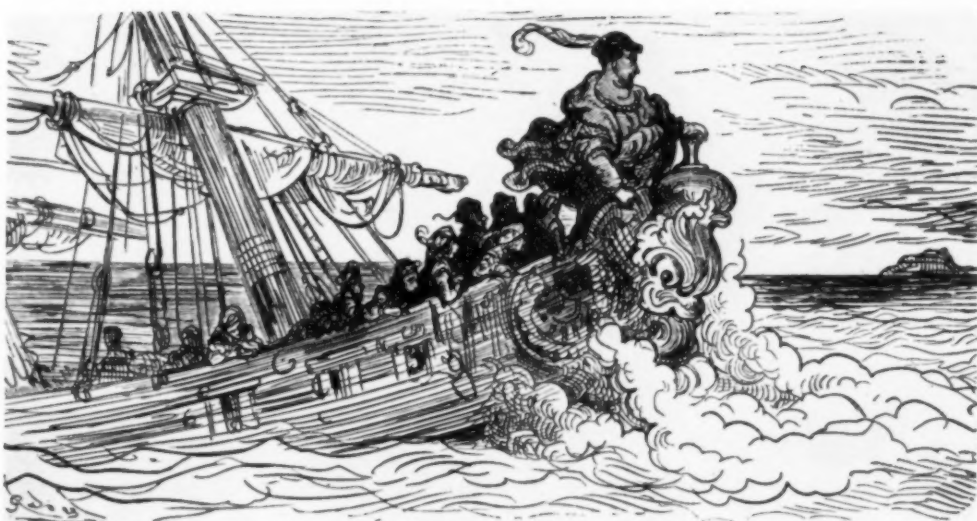
*Courtesy Canadian National Railways.*

*At right:—His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve of Quebec with the Papal delegate, His Excellency Mgr. Andreas Cassulo, at the unveiling ceremony. Behind the Cardinal is the Hon. D.O. L'Esperance, chairman of the local Gaspé Committee for the celebration.*

*Courtesy "La Presse", Montreal.*







*Pantagruel in his ship Thalamege sets out to discover new lands along the North West Passage to the Orient; along the same course as followed by Cartier. In the distance he notices the Manoir de Gaster —another name for Percé (Gaspé), which he describes in his relations.*

*From an engraving by Gustave Doré.*

## Cartier Inspired Rabelais

By MARIUS BARBEAU

CARTIER'S great adventure does not merely consist of what we are accustomed to believe: a daring voyage of discovery across unknown seas and along an uncharted river in the New World, which he recorded in the admirable relations of his three Voyages from 1534 to 1541. It was primarily a spiritual experience: — a vision of imperial grandeur for his King and country and a treasure hunt in a land which he thought to be part of the Orient; and finally, a dream of utopia still possible in those days, a dream which Rabelais, his contemporary, imparted for him to the very soul of romantic France and which in time was destined to sap the foundations of medieval Europe.

The sensation which the first discoveries of Jacques Cartier caused in France led the King and patrons of the Breton mariner to undertake further explorations of the unknown lands, towards the treasure troves of Cathay and the Orient. And Rabelais, who had already written the first parts of his

famous *Pantagruel*, was drawn like many others in the new direction. He journeyed to St. Malo on the British Channel, to learn from "this Cartier the marine and seafaring terms which he needed to embellish his humouristic and impious epicurean romance." These words are translated from the records of an early chronicler of St. Malo, Jacques Doremot, who took it for granted that Cartier and Rabelais were well acquainted with each other; the chronicler himself had known several of their surviving contemporaries at St. Malo, and heard from them of their acquaintance.

Out of gratitude for Cartier, his master, the author of *Pantagruel* gave a notable place to the valiant explorer of Terre-neuve and Canada in the latter part of his work, where Cartier's name is changed to Jamet Brayer (Jamet being the first name of Cartier's father). "By giving him the foremost rank of first pilot and official guide to the utopian land of Bacbuc," Abel Lefranc writes in *Les Navigations de Pantagruel*,



Huron-Iroquois Indians at the time of the discovery, much as Cartier found them. These drawings are from Champlain's "Voyages".

"he acknowledged his debt to the Breton mariner who had initiated him to the difficult science of navigation. And the pupil proved himself worthy of his master, for his knowledge of the sea is highly creditable. Undoubtedly the *Brief Récit* of Cartier, published in Paris in 1545, was useful to Rabelais (whose fourth and fifth books of *Pantagruel* appeared in 1548 and 1552). But if there exist between the *Récit* and the romance, general as well as specific analogies, these can best be explained as being the natural result of conversations between the discoverer and his illustrious disciple."

Comparison between Cartier's written relations and the fantastic navigations *Pantagruel* definitely link the literary masterpiece to the chronicles of discovery. And analysis sheds such a vivid light on the origin of many

themes belonging to both in common, that we cannot escape Lefranc's conclusion: Rabelais found his inspiration first of all in the verbal accounts of Cartier, and led his *Pantagruel* into "a navigation which aimed at the same country and the course of which was materially similar. He made *Pantagruel* travel through the regions discovered since 1534 by Jacques Cartier, and hence through the Northwest Passage. To the knowledge already available he added humour and fantasy, yet the starting points of his fictions are easily discernible."

Further knowledge of Cartier's own writings and the country which he explored makes it plain that the mariner must have opened his heart to the writer, and, in his inspiring presence, given free rein to his imagination. He had been unable to do this in the brief and cautious relations written for his king a few years after his return, after he had met with bitter disillusion.

It is in the romance of *Pantagruel* rather than in the *Brief Récit* . . . that we learn of Cartier's vision of the Kingdom of Saguenay, which he sought in vain to reach in his three *Voyages*, and which to him was nothing less than "part of Tartary and the tip of Asia towards the Occident;" for he never realized in his lifetime, any more than Rabelais did, that North America was a detached continent far away from the



Iroquois mask, from Grand River, Ontario.

Orient. But let the mariner and his literary interpreter speak for themselves:

"I consider that the Sun, each day, rises in the Orient and sets in the Occident, thus going round the world in twenty-four hours (Copernicus' theory was published only later) . . . Likewise do we see a Christian prince, the King of Spain and Portugal, expand our Faith in the lands so far discovered to the West of his own kingdom, yet till then unknown: New Spain, Isabelle, Terre Ferme and other islands, where innumerable people and vast wealth are found . . ." (Preamble of the *Deuxième Voyage* written by Jacques Cartier and addressed to Francis the First, King of France).

After Cartier had encountered new lands to the West, he felt sure, in his Second Voyage, that he was on the verge of momentous discoveries. He wrote to his King, in his relations:

"When the Captain (Cartier) heard of the many people gathered at Stadaconé (later Quebec), to what purpose nobody knew, he decided to have recourse to cunning and to capture their lord Donnacona and several other leaders under him and to take them on his ships to France, so that he Donnacona, may tell the King of the countries to the West he had visited and of the marvels of the world. For he has



Huron-Iroquois Indians as Cartier found them on the St. Lawrence and as depicted in Champlain's "Voyages".



Niche—a wood carving by Bourgault, of Port-Joli, Quebec. It represents, inside, the three ships of Cartier, the discoverer of Canada.

assured us of having seen the land of Saguenay, where there is gold aplenty (infinité d'or), rubies and other riches, where people are white as in France and dressed in woollen fabrics. Moreover, he has seen, in other regions, people who never eat, have no bottom and do not digest food . . . Again, he has travelled to the Piequenyan country, where human beings have only one leg . . . The aforesaid lord is a man of age and experience and he is wont to explore lands afar, beyond rivers and forests . . ."

Charlevoix, the early French historian who consulted Cartier's relations when they were more complete than at the present day, added to this story:

"But those strange people without digestive organs could drink and pass water. They had only one leg, a thigh



*Pantagruel meets the merchants of the Orient at Medamothi and purchases three unicorns and a tarande for his King. Canada (the name of which is here changed to Medamothi) was then thought to be part of Cathay in Asia. Unicorns were supposed to be found in the newly discovered domains, and the tarande is the moose. This chapter of "Pantagruel" is based upon the stories which Cartier tells of the marvels of the world and his visions of Cathay, his goal.*

*From an engraving by Gustave Doré.*

and a foot of huge size, two hands to the same arm, and a square body, the head and the chest quite flat, and an extremely small mouth; also Pygmies, near a sea that was not salty. And last of all, still beyond, men are dressed like ourselves, dwelling in towns, and in possession of much gold and countless rubies . . ."

Cartier often introduced the vision of riches in his own geographic descriptions, for instance when he first visited Hochelaga (now Montreal). Standing on Mount Royal with his native hosts, he understood them to say, when gazing upon "the most beautiful land one could ever behold", that beyond the mountains to the North there is a great river (the Ottawa), beyond which lies the Kingdom of Saguenay. "Of their own accord, they took the Captain's silver whistle hanging from his neck, and the handle of his dagger, which is of brass shining like gold, and showed that these metals came from the Saguenay . . ."

"The lord Donnacona, Taignoagny, dom Agaya and others told us that at the Saguenay there were numerous towns where people own quantities of gold and red copper. They have made us understand, besides, that there is a river flowing to the Southwest where snow and ice are unknown, and where there are oranges, almonds, nuts, plums and other kinds of fruit in huge abundance . . ."

Even at Cap-Rouge near Stadaconé (Quebec) he thought he had discovered an El Dorado, in the course of his third Voyage.

"Twenty men cleared an acre and a half in a day and sowed vegetables which, after eight days, grew up exceedingly . . . At the foot of the cliffs flowed a clear fountain, near which we found a heap of stones looking like diamonds. In the cliff itself there was a fairly good mine of the best iron ore in the world, which extended almost to the Fort, and the sand on which we stood lay on that perfect mine of refined metal. On the opposite side we picked up gold leaves as thick as a thumbnail . . . And on the hill we found thigh black slate with veins of a metal which is like gold and silver. And it lies everywhere. Elsewhere we discovered stones which are like diamonds, quite beautiful, polished, and the best cut stones in the world. Under the rays of the sun, they glitter like firelight."

On one of his maps showing the Saguenay, he wrote: "The people of Canada and Hochelaga state that there is the Kingdom of Saguenay, which is rich and filled with precious stones."

Sailing back to France, in the spring of 1542, he met his chief Roberval, in a bay of Newfoundland, and reported to him that he had aboard "a cargo of Diamonds, and a quantity of Gold ore, such as the country holds; which mineral, being tested, proved to be of good quality."





*Pantagruel meets the Lanternois in his travels at sea. Lanternois is another name for Rochelois, or the La Rochelle ship which Cartier met in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.*

*From an engraving by Gustave Doré.*

Summoned by Roberval to turn back and follow him up the St. Lawrence, Cartier secretly took his leave at night and proceeded to France, since he perhaps did not wish to share with his chief the credit of his startling discoveries.

#### **The Merchants of the Orient (Rabelais)**

The Northwest Passage and the 'Promised Land' of Cathay or the Saguenay which Cartier never actually could discover (for his finds of precious metals proved worthless), are described with much imagination in the wonder voyages of Pantagruel, who after four months arrived through the Passage at Cathay, which is named Medamothi.

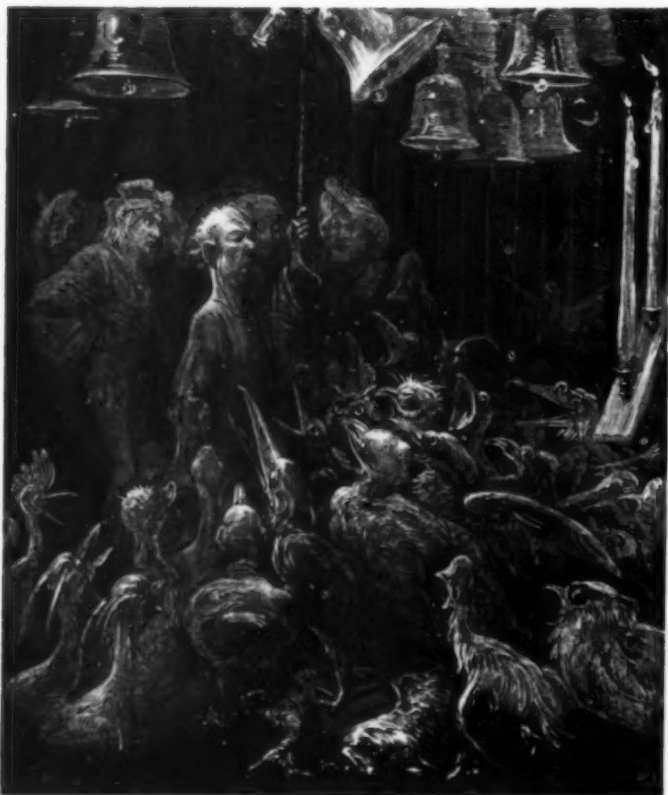
The merchants of the Orient were awaiting him there "on the mole and in the halls of the seaport to barter with him various pictures, diverse tapestries, sundry animals, fish, birds and other exotic and transient goods. For it was the third day of the great and famous fair of the place, where annually convene the wealthiest and most celebrated merchants of Asia and Africa . . . Pantagruel bought for the King of France three young live unicorns, and a tarande (the moose or orignal), which a Scythian was willing to cede to him, rare as it is even in his remote country. It is big like an ox, its head is that of a deer, its feet are hoofed, its hair is as long as a bear's, and its skin is as hard as a shield. Its colour changes under the light and according to surroundings like a chameleon's. Near Panurge, it

turned grey, like Panurge's tunic; beside Pantagruel, whose mantle was scarlet, it became bright red; close to Jamet, the first pilot of the expedition (Jacques Cartier, whose father was Jamet Cartier), it changed to white, like the seaman's uniform; both of these last colours being denied the chameleon."

#### **"The Marvels of the World"**

Medamothi was the destination of Pantagruel's voyage in the fabulous lands of the Orient, just as Cathay was Cartier's avowed goal. But the mariner of St. Malo, when he failed to discover the Passage, refused at first to accept defeat, hoping to be more successful in another voyage. He endeavoured to persuade his king that a rich reward would soon crown his efforts. To further his plans he had kidnapped natives on his first two voyages, two on the first and ten on the second, and brought them back to France, so that they might repeat their descriptions of the Kingdom of Saguenay. Their presence at the Court must have caused a sensation. With their tales they inflamed the imagination of the monarch and his Court, and the third expedition (1541-42), the best equipped of the three, was placed under the leadership of Roberval, a seigneur whom Francis the First called 'le Roi du Vimeu'. This expedition was expected to bring about the discovery of the Northwestern Passage and the kingdoms of the Orient. But Donnacona and his escort did not live long enough to return to their country; they





'L'Isle Sonnante' or the Island of Bells of Rabelais, the idea of which was derived from Cartier's "Isle des Oiseaux" or Island of Birds of which a photograph is shown on the opposite page.

From an engraving by Gustave Doré in *Pantagruel*.

all died in Brittany, except a little girl who, as Cartier reported to her parents on his next trip to Canada, had married a seigneur in France and would not come back to her tribe.

Rabelais in *Pantagruel* added something allegorical to the story of the native Canadians:

"The Queen of the Andouille tribe (Iroquois) duly apologized to Pantagruel for having allowed her subjects to go to war against the newcomers from the high seas. Her spies had warned her against her ancient enemies who, they thought, had landed on her territories, as was their wont, to hunt physeteres (whales). She begged forgiveness, alleging that in this country (Canada) there was more dirt than bitterness. To atone for the wrong, she volunteered to pass under foreign domination, swear fealty to the victors, obey their commands, be

the ally of their friends and the enemy of their foes, and pay an annual tribute consisting of enough Andouilles of the blood to satisfy all requirements. The next day she sent to Gargantua six boatloads of her people as hostages, under the leadership of young Nipleseth, the royal infanta of the Island.

"The noble Gargantua brought them back to France and presented them as a gift to the great King of France. But the change of climate and the lack of the dirt they were used to, caused them nearly all to die. By the gracious permit of the King they were buried in heaps in a corner of Paris which henceforth was known to all as the street Paved with Andouilles. By request of the ladies of the Royal Court, young Nipleseth was saved and honourably

treated. She was married in a high and prosperous situation, and brought forth several handsome children, for which God be blessed!"

#### The Island of Birds and Island of Bells

Among the many analogies and similar episodes in the parallel versions of Cartier and Rabelais the most striking are those of the Island of Birds of the discoverer, and the 'Isle Sonnante' (Island of Bells) of the writer; of the perils and fright of the mariners in their first winter near Stadaconé, and the 'Frozen Words' of *Pantagruel* while under the Arctic Circle; of Cartier's encounter near Newfoundland of a large ship from La Rochelle, and Panurge's deal with its greedy captain for a sheep; of the storm at sea that brought peril to Cartier on his second voyage, and the 'forte tempeste en mer', which forced

Pantagrue's sailors to make their will; of the steady headwinds and adverse tides that kept Cartier on his first voyage from entering the St. Lawrence beyond Anticosti, and Pantagrue's Isle de Ruach', where there is nothing but wind and weather-vanes; of the Basque and Portuguese fisherman hunting whales near Newfoundland, and Pantagrue's landing at Farouche (Wild) Island, where he killed the sea monster (physetere); of Cartier's passage at Cape Prato and the rock known as Percé, and Pantagrue's 'manoir de Gaster' on a most admirable island looking like a toadstool—rocky, forbidding and so inaccessible that only one man had ever reached its top, where innumerable birds are nested; of the Canadian natives greeting Cartier with songs

or of the medicine-men resorting to incantations, and the aged yet ever youthful witch of Quinte-Essence, who cured the sick by raising her hands and 'sonnant une chanson'—singing a song; of Cartier listening to fantastic tales of Donnacona and the crippled and paralyzed 'seigneur' of Hochelaga about the Kingdom of Saguenay, and Pantagrue's Ouy-dire (Hearsay), an old hunchback with paralyzed limbs who had seen and heard wonders (Rabelais here lists Cartier's very name among the listeners); of the island near Quebec which Cartier called Bacchus because of its abundance of wild grapes, of the display of fireworks on board ship which so astonished the natives, and of the incredible sexual licence of the Iroquois, and Pantagrue's combat of the Mænads and Satyres where captains and sailors fell under the

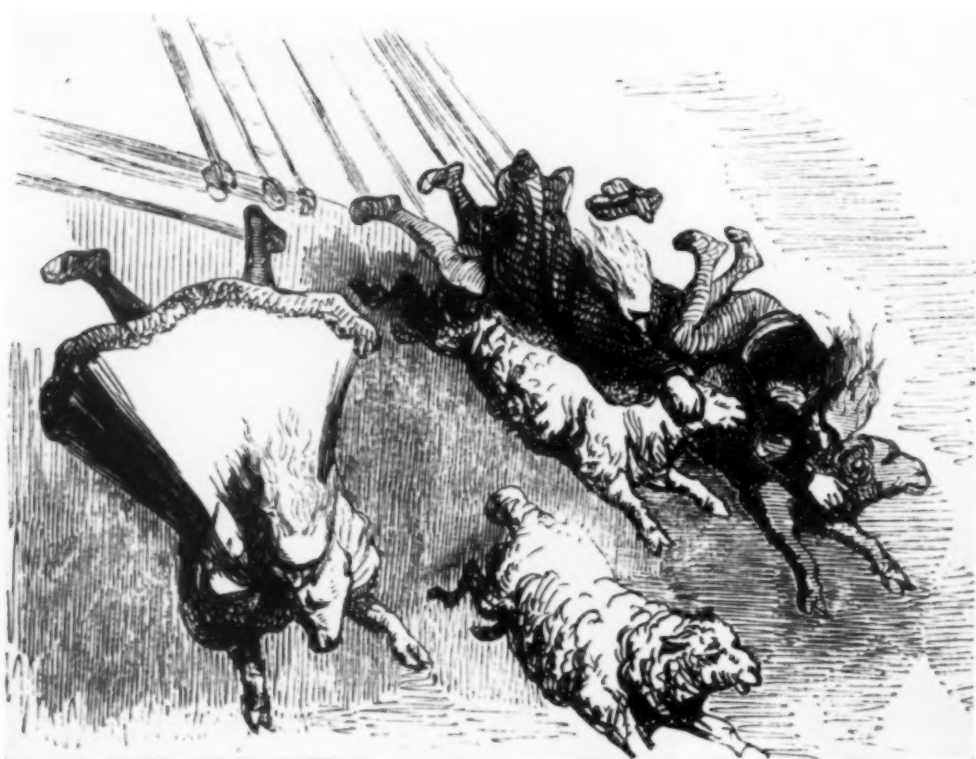


*This photograph of Bird Cliffs in the Gulf of St. Lawrence affords an interesting comparison with the fantastic conception of 'L'Isle Sonnante' on the opposite page.*

*Photograph by P. A. Taverner, National Museum.*

enchantment and friendly Bacchus triumphed over all his worshippers (the scurvy that decimated Cartier's men was erroneously blamed upon such abuse), and many other similarities which cannot even be listed here. One will suffice as an instance, that of the Island of Birds and the Island of Bells.

Cartier, at the end of May on his first voyage, landed at the 'Isle des Oiseaux' with two boats and found there "birds so innumerable that their very sight passes belief", of which he gave a detailed description in his relations. Though the island was a league in circumference, its whole surface was covered with birds; and the air over it and the water all around were filled with countless other birds flying and swimming in a great whirl and tumult. In a moment the two boats were filled



*Panurge throws a ram overboard and all the other sheep follow. He had thus taken his revenge against an extortionate merchant of La Rochelle, in an encounter at sea. The episode in "Pantagruel" is connected with the encounter of Cartier and a ship from La Rochelle in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.*

*From an engraving by Gustave Doré.*

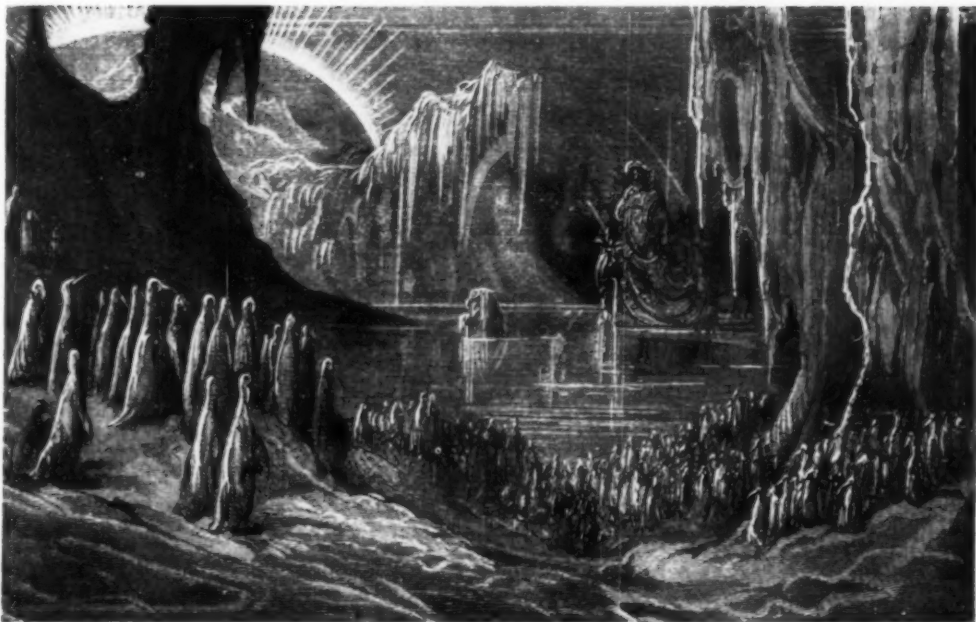
with booty which proved a great relief to the sailors. At Blanc-Sablon and Percé he also observed similar bird islands. Out of this discovery of Cartier is derived Rabelais' episode of Isle Sonnante (Island of Bells), which consists of several chapters. The tribe in feathers here are human beings in disguise whose foibles are good materials for the writer's humour and parody. The clamor of their voices was so deafening that it sounded like the bells of cathedrals and churches in the largest towns of France. "I believe, said Pantagruel, that here we shall encounter a swarm of bees that has taken to the air . . ."

Among them Pantagruel met a small monk-like Braguibus who explained to him the mysteries of the island. Before he could give them a banquet they had to undergo a long fast and subsist on salt air and sea winds. To this Panurge objected, 'My fast has already lasted

long enough to sap all my flesh, and the bastions of my body are almost falling into decay.'

"Master Aeditue, the host of the island, gave a great banquet to his guests; he was a very small man, old, bald, with crimson face and a glossy nose. After having satiated the strangers, he revealed to them the peculiarities of his island home, and declared that it was first inhabited by the Siticine tribe, which by the command of Nature had been changed to birds . . .

"The birds were large, handsome and good-natured, much as are the men in my own country, drinking and eating as if they were men, sleeping and making love like them. At a glance they were mistaken for real men. But this indeed they were not. Their feathers were fanciful as in a dream; some of them were white, others all black, or grey, or part white and black, or all red, and others



*The 'frozen words' of Pantagruel, inspired by Cartier's trials during his first winter at Stadaconé (Quebec).*

*From an engraving by Gustave Doré in Pantagruel.*

white and blue; an admirable sight to behold. The males were called Clergaux, Abbegaux, Evesgaux, Cardingaux . . . The females Clergesses, Monagesses, Abbegesses . . . (Cartier had mentioned the Margaulx by name in his relation) . . .

"Brother Jean, Pantagruel's learned adviser, asked Aeditue. 'In this island I see only nests and birds; they do not plough the ground nor cultivate it; their only occupation is to play, sing or warble. How was this cornucopia of abundance ever found, and such wealth and choice morsels?—From another part of the world, Aeditue answered, some of them from the windy regions which in recent years have swept over the marshes and displaced them . . .

"Diable! Panurge exclaimed, you enjoy every bounty in this land. It was divine and perfect of the ancient Siticines to have discovered what every human being seeks and never has been able to find. What a blissful tribe you are! I wish I were born one of you.

"After having drunk and feasted, Aeditue tried his best to make us

forget all the strain and privations we had endured on the sea. He dispatched victuals in abundance to the ships. And we were glad to lie down in peace at night, but the incessant clanging of bells on the island made it impossible for us to sleep a wink . . .

"At dawn we sat up to regale ourselves on fresh soup, and never stopped eating all day, so that we knew not whether it was dinner or supper, or collation or banquet. Our only other diversion was strolling around the island where we saw those happy birds and heard their gay songs everywhere . . ."

#### **Cartier and Pantagruel Sailed from St. Malo**

The initial chapters of the sea voyages both in Cartier's relations and Rabelais' *Pantagruel* are intentionally analogous. Cartier's ships like Pantagruel's sailed from St. Malo; only Rabelais changed the name of St. Malo to Thalasse, which is derived from the actual Thalaz of St. Malo. Cartier's object was to reach Cathay through the Northwest Passage; Pantagruel likewise bade his first pilot, Jamet (Jacques Cartier), to direct his course on the high seas through the same



passage, which would lead him through the Arctic Circle. Pantagrue's other guide was the cartographer Xenomanes, whose real name was Jean Alphonse, a famous pilot who had already travelled to Asia, and who directed Roberval's ships in their course through Belle Isle and up the Saint Lawrence in 1542. The very inception of both narratives is also closely similar. It describes the same religious functions and ceremonies at St. Malo or Thalasse, which consisted of prayers, confession, blessing by the clergy, the singing of the psalm *In exitu Israel* . . . a great gathering of people on the mole, the display of coat-of-arms on the ships, copious libations and great rejoicing in town and on boardship.

#### "The Few Acres of Snow"

The greater Cartier's vision of riches and splendour at the outset, the deeper his disappointment after he had met with hardship and disillusion. The privations and the scurvy during the first winter at Harbour St. Croix near Stadaconé which decimated his men, the poverty of the Indians and the absence of precious minerals so entirely undermined his confidence that both Champlain and Charlevoix were left under the impression that Cartier, disgusted with Canada, had dissuaded his King from further wild-goose chases in the new lands which he himself had discovered. Some early authors, according to Charlevoix, even state that Cartier was very reluctant to undertake his third voyage with Roberval and only yielded to the promise of sufficient reward.

Any attempt that Cartier might make to interest his country in the fur trade and the evangelization of the natives was futile, for he was bound to fail on those grounds. Instead of bringing missionaries with him on his third expedition, he was forced to draw part of his crew from the gaols of Brittany, and Charlevoix says:

"Cartier's own praise of the lands he had discovered were of little avail, since he could show so little of any benefit and his losses had proved so discouraging. Most people readily concluded that Canada would never be of any use to France, for it produced no gold or silver. And new territories devoid of precious minerals were then considered of no value. Perhaps Car-



Pantagrue hunts the Phisetere, which is a fictitious name for the whale. The chapter of the whale hunt in Rabelais' "Pantagrue" is grafted upon the references and verbal relations of Cartier to Rabelais about the activities of the Rochelois and Basque fisherfolk in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

From an engraving by Gustave Doré.



tier's very credulity, which made him repeat stories to embellish his relations, tended not a little to discredit his authority. But how could a seaman abstain from telling tales, if he really had nothing to report that would arouse his listeners and sound like a fairy tale!"

The diamonds which Cartier thought he had discovered at Cap-Rouge did not stand the test, and his whole dream of wealth faded. Thevet on this point says, in his *Cosmographie*: "Stones also are found in the bottom lands as well as in the hills, which are so beautiful, and so admirably crystallized by nature that those who found them were sure that they had a treasure. But when they showed them to jewellers on this side they were sadly deceived. Whence the proverbial saying: 'Here is another diamond from Canada!'"

The disenchantment of Cartier and his patrons did not prevent a later generation of pioneers and idealists from establishing New France on a firm foundation and proceeding with the discovery of a new continent. But adversity dogged their steps. The rivalry of the French and the British, its repercussion on the natives, and the lasting prejudice against Canada that took root in France after Cartier's failure to discover the Northwest Passage, ultimately brought about the downfall of an empire in the New World. Bougainville, who was sent to Paris to beg for reinforcements before the Siege of Quebec, found Berryer, the Minister of Marine, ill-disposed towards the colony. Nobody, Berryer said, cared to save the stable (Canada) when



*Pantagruel lands at Macreon Island where he finds desolation, which was inspired by Cartier's description of 'the land which God gave to Cain,' which he coasted soon after reaching this continent.*

*From an engraving by Gustave Doré in Pantagruel.*

the house was on fire; to which Bougainville retorted, 'No one, Sir, will accuse you of speaking like a horse.' And Voltaire, in his utopian novel *Candide*, wrote: 'Ah! Pangloss! Pangloss! . . . '—'What is this country?' enquired Cunegonde on the Dutch sailing ship.—'Something absurd and really fathomless,' Martin answered.—'You know England; are the people there as insane as in France?'—'Their's is another kind of insanity,' Martin replied. 'Please remember that those two nations are at war for a few acres of snow towards Canada, and that they spend in their war far more than Canada is worth. To tell you in what country the greater number of fools should be bound to be kept out of mischief, truly passes my



*La Tourelle, a stone pillar under which are supposed to be buried treasures, near Ste. Anne des Monts.*

understanding. I only know that the people whom we are about to see on this island are truly atrabilious."

#### **Utopia Once More**

The Passage to Cathay was a myth, and Canada the symbol of a lost hope. Yet the chimera of Oriental splendour haunted popular imagination as ever, even after the Fall of Quebec.

Bougainville witnessed the end of the French colonial ambitions on the Saint Lawrence; he was made a prisoner after the death of Montcalm. Yet he no sooner regained his freedom than he became the flagbearer of the very utopia which Cartier and Rabelais once had grafted upon the soul of ancient France. He organized an expedition for the circumnavigation of the world and started like a Crusader on his way to conquer new lands for his Crown; like a pilgrim of old he was allowed to sell part of his estate to subsidize the sea adventure. Gifted with an extraordinary imagination and under the influence of

Jean-Jacques Rousseau who preached the worship of Nature he proceeded beyond the tropics and landed in the happy islands of Nouvelle Cythère and Tahiti, where his inborn desire for a blissful existence was at last gratified by a people who seemed free and happy, in the midst of a true Golden Age.

"Tahitian barks were filled with young women more lissom than Europeans. One of them ran to the main mast and climbed it to the sails; to the seamen she looked more beautiful than Venus to the Phrygian shepherd; her form was divine . . .

"An islander, lying on the grass, invited the Mariners to sit beside him; then he began slowly to sing an anacreontic tune, accompanied by the flute which another played upon softly with his nostrils. The earth was covered with fresh greenery and studded with flowers, and musicians sang hymns to the sound of Pan pipes. We thought we had landed in the Elysean fields.

"The islanders", Bougainville wrote in his *Voyages* just as Cartier had in his, two centuries before—are truly Arcadian. In their islands, wars and hatreds are unknown. And they conform their lives to simple truth, which is never hidden in their transparent souls. At home or elsewhere, day or night, they leave their houses open, and they pick the fruit which is their food on the first tree or in whatever house they happen to enter. In things essential to life there is no private property, and everything belongs to all. Truly I thought I had been transported into the Garden of Eden . . ."

Remembering the precedent established by Cartier and its counterpart in *Pantagrue*, Bougainville brought back to France a native of the Happy Islands, named Aoutourou, and he became a Man of the Hour. For it was not every day that Parisians beheld a mariner who has circumnavigated the globe and discovered islands on which the Golden Age had not yet come to an end.

"The success of Aoutourou, the Tahitian, in Paris, was prodigious," Bougainville's biographer relates. "To converse with him was a rare privilege. Society craved for it. Sophie Arnould and La Clairon, in their infatuation for the 'wild' (sauvage) man of the Tropics,

displayed their charms to win him. Mlle de Lespinasse would gladly have been unfaithful to the Comte de Guibert; and d'Alembert, out of respect for the 'état de nature', would have played blind man's fool.

"Aoutourou never forgot the dignity of his race nor his pride. It was a point of honour with him not to betray his surprise at the novelty of things. But the magnificence of the French Court, where Bougainville brought him one day, drew from him the unwonted exclamation of amazement from him:

'Aou-aou Taiti! (Poor little Tahiti!)', which became famous in Paris.

"The Prince de Nassau, who accompanied him, could hardly comfort him with the assurance that the idyllic life at Nouvelle Cythère was preferable by far to the sophisticated pleasures of Versailles. The Duchess of Choiseul, a charming and remarkably intelligent woman, made herself his patroness. She escorted him one day to the private garden of the King and took pleasure in showing him the plants and animals brought back from the tropics, and tears ran down his cheeks. For after eleven months of exile in Paris, he longed to go back to his island.

"Bougainville, who had taught him the value of money, took care to fill his pockets with coins, as he was independent enough by nature to want to explore Paris alone. More curious than an idler of the Marsh (*un badeau du Marais*) he sauntered around town and was drawn by the ordinary street scenes.

"His favourite entertainment was the Opera, where he preferred to go alone, to enjoy the ballet. For the dance allured him. When the beautiful ballerinas appeared before the footlights, he imitated their movements and a trance came upon him, at the memory of the voluptuous upa-upa of his native land. Then he would proceed to the wings, where Bougainville had introduced him, and he mingled with the corps de ballet to his utmost delight."

His fate was to die in France, where a fatal illness befell him, in 1770, at the moment of his sailing from La Rochelle. And his remains, had the people remembered, might have been buried with those of Donnacona and the Canadian



The 'Old Man' a stone pillar over a hundred feet high at the northeastern tip of the Gaspé peninsula.

Indians, in the graveyard which Rabelais had nicknamed 'Rue Pavée d'Andouilles'.

The discovery of the Golden Age on remote islands in the South Seas caused a unique sensation all over Europe; it revived the vision of the Millenium, which Cartier and Rabelais once had conjured. Jean-Jacques Rousseau penned eloquent diatribes against civilization and urged upon all the 'état de nature'—which was the true incentive for an upheaval among a tax and war-ridden people. The Tahitian mirage appealed to imagination. The readers of Bougainville's and Captain Cook's 'Voyages' dreamed of islands where bread and fanciful delights grew naturally. They pined for a life without labour and fatigue. Diderot thought that land inhabited by Justice, and Voltaire, by Wisdom . . .

Out of this chimera the reformers drew the humanitarian motto which inspired the French Revolution:

LIBERTE.

EGALITE.

FRATERNITE!



*A Balinese temple with lace-like carving.*

# A GLIMPSE OF BALI

## and one of its Cremation Ceremonies

By GEORGE AND RUTH DUNSCOMB

WE were seated on the verandah of the Orange Hotel Soerabaya contentedly watching the ice melt in a long glass of amber liquid, the oppressive heat forgotten in watching the interesting types and varied nationalities, when our attention was arrested by a deep voice behind us: "Next Tuesday there will be one of the largest cremations ever held in Bali, a Rajah and fifty two others will be launched into the next incarnation. For nine months the people have been preparing for the ceremonies and the High Priest, after many postponements has announced that Tuesday will be a propitious day".

My companion sat erect, our glances met. Bali the mysterious, Bali the beautiful, the island of communal life whose people live for an expression of their religion. The island of temples, the Gamelan, the Djanger. The island which had lured us some fifteen thousand miles, and then to overhear casually that on Tuesday would be celebrated one of the greatest festivals in its history.

Early next morning we entered the office of the company known throughout the east as the "K.P.M.", a most pleasant line on which to travel.

'To Bali?', certainly there will be a boat'. 'Will you book us a cabin?' A consultation, a telephone call, and the agent returned. "All space is taken". Consternation seized us. 'But you must get us there!' Another consultation. 'The company was desolated, but there was no way.' Well there was a way, but Mynheer and Mevrouw undoubtedly would not care to travel in that manner. A pig boat would leave on Saturday. Mynheer and Mevrouw would travel in any manner in order to reach Bali in time for the cremation, and emphatic-

ally said as much. Saturday we repaired to the dock, and to our pleased surprise the little pig boat was immaculate. Not a squeak from the principal passengers stacked below. Each slumbered peacefully in its cigar shaped crate of split bamboo. Certainly there is one thing the efficient West can learn from the indolent east. The manner of handling pigs. No futile rope around obstinate hind legs. No frantic struggles up and down highways. Into the crate goes Mr. Pig with a dose of opium to keep him quiet, and from thenceforth, passive and non-resistant his mind in a porcine paradise, his body is as inert as a sack



*A wayside scene in Bali; carrying cocoanuts to be exchanged for fish.*





*Carrying an offering to a temple feast.*

of flour until his ultimate market is reached.

There were eight other passengers. Two Javanese, an elderly chinaman in black brocade, presumably the father of three little daughters, chromatic beings with gold headed pins in their hair and dressed Javanese fashion in muslin jackets and silk sarongs, resplendent with birds and flowers. Each wore anklets of beaten silver which made a pleasant jingle above tiny feet thrust into heelless slippers of soiled brocade. The mother, an overflowing lady, wore diamond buttons, diamond earrings, and on not overclean fingers, enormous diamond rings. Evidently a family of consequence.

The next morning, the little steward, who had slept all night on his haunches in the passageway, his back against our cabin door, awoke us with the announcement that Bali would soon be in sight. Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, pyjama clad, we rushed up on deck, and paused, arrested by the sheer beauty. Night was slowly fading, the last reluctant star disappeared as a pulsating ray of saffron swept the sky.

On our bow a vague outline hovered. Saffron changed to scarlet. Headlands took form. Over the mountains burst the tropical sun. Colour rushed everywhere, as sunlight sparkled on jungle, palm and beach.

Landing at Beoleng, the seat of Dutch government, we finally procured a car of sorts to take us to Den Pasar, the village near which the cremation was to take place.

Ignoring the broken springs and curbing the speed of our excitable driver, we sat back in great content to watch the road side life and lovely landscape. Mountains terraced with paddy fields. The vivid green of young rice. Thickets of feathery bamboo. Huge banyan trees shading the streets of the mud walled, palm thatched villages.

Groups of women passed bearing on their heads trays piled high with vegetables, fruits, coloured cakes and coconuts. Many were offerings for Temple feasts, food and flowers decorated with streamers of palm fronds cut in delicate designs.

There is little money on the island. work is done on shares. One tenth of



*Cockfighting is one of the popular pastimes in Bali.*

the produce is given to the Temple, which in case of drought or disaster, feeds its community until the next crop.

Though they are intensely religious, neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism has gained a foot hold on the island. Imbued with ancient Hinduism the people are strongly animistic. They worship local Gods in the form of beasts and birds. Their daily life is based on and swayed by old superstitious beliefs and legends and a great part of each day is spent in elaborate ceremonies propitiary to hostile and beneficent spirits.

Occasionally we stopped to see a particularly lovely temple, whose lace like carving in soft grey sandstone melted imperceptibly into the dappling shade and sunshine of forest back ground. Their temples do not correspond to our conception of a place of worship. They are only a walled enclosure with elaborately carved doorways and beautifully sculptured altars. These enclosures of compound are the communal centers of village life. In them take place not only religious ceremonies. The old men gather there as the afternoon wears on

to discuss their principal interest, the relative merits of their fighting cocks, and under the shade of the spreading banyan trees, to the music of the native orchestra or 'Gamelan' the young people practice the dances and dramas which interpret their religion and form an integral part of their life.

Here nightly are portrayed scenes from the 'Ramayana', 'The Meditation of Arjuna' or the classic legend of the monkey king. Under the leaping flames of torches, accompanied by the interminable throbbing of drums and the minor cadences of the 'Gamelan', the dancers gorgeously clad in vari-coloured brocades, faces chalked an expressionless white, lips a slash of carmine, slowly, dreamily, posture through the age old story of the rape of Rama's beautiful wife, the pursuit and punishment of her ravisher. The intensity with which the people follow these dances cannot be described. To the spellbound audience every gesture is symbolical of joy, despair, hope, love or anguish. But to us, the expressions of the serene, set faces never altered.



*A fishing catamaran on the jungle fringed beaches of Bali.*

The little village of Den Pasar we found feverish with activity. All the family heirlooms were being inspected and refurbished for the great ceremony, ancient hand woven brocaded sarongs, with yards and yards of soft silks to bind around waist and breast. Though in daily life the Balinese women wear only a sarong twisted about the hips, on ceremonial occasions the breasts must be covered and as cremation is the greatest of all festivals, the best which each family possesses must be used. A cremation is not a time of sorrow, but of rejoicing. The spirits of their family dead are to be released to a higher and happier sphere.

In Bali, no member of a family can be cremated until the eldest dies. The cremation festivities are very expensive so as a rule a village waits until the death of one of its chief men, the entire village then shares the cost of the ceremony. The dead are temporarily buried in a shallow grave. A hollow tube of bamboo is placed in the mouth and extends above ground, through this the spirit escapes, wanders and returns, pending its final release.

Frequently, in cases of longevity, there is an accumulation of relatives awaiting cremation which alone can speed their souls to the blessings of paradise. Occasionally, if a Balinese is drowned at sea or dies away from home so that his body can not be brought back, his relatives have a little wax igame made of him which is placed on the pyre with the other bodies as according to their faith the spirit is not free to enter further incarnations until it has been purified by passing through earth, air, fire, and water.

We awoke early next morning. Such a day, the sky a fleckless blue, the sunshine vivid. Time has no recognition in Bali, so after breakfast, as no one could tell us just when the ceremonies might begin, we wandered out to the temple from which the procession was to start.

Here interest was at its highest. The temple compound was crowded with Balinese in their best and most colourful sarongs, the air pungent with the smell of powdered ginger rubbed upon their glistening bodies. A babel of voices rose and fell as they talked laughed, and



*One of the cow shaped caskets in which bodies are cremated in Bali.*

bargained with the vendors of refreshments who were seated on the ground behind low tables on which were piled tiny heaps of coconut sweets, coloured rice cakes, little packets of curry wrapped in squares of banana leaf, palm wine and strange tropic fruits.

Under one of the palm thatched shelters of the temple, on a long table surrounded by jars of holy water and trays of flower trimmed offerings, were collected all the bodies to be cremated, some fifty two. That of the Sultan was wrapped in red brocade, the others in white cloth. Behind this charnel pile, which should have seemed ghastly, but did not, with the bright sunshine and gay excitement surrounding it, many girls and women were busy cutting designs in palm leaves and white and gold paper, which with frangipani flowers and marigolds were wound into beautiful funeral offerings. Each jar of holy water carried in the procession must have fastened erect on its cover a fan of white and gold paper, representing the pure spirit of the dead.

In the cooking shed women were frying rice cakes of all sizes and colours

for the feast that would follow, while near by, men cut up for the barbecue eight enormous turtles, the largest weighing some five hundred pounds.

In another corner of the compound were displayed the great cow caskets in which the bodies of those of high caste were to be cremated. These life size effigies of cows, the sacred animal of the Hindus, were made of bamboo, covered with vivid blue cloth. Around their necks were hung fantastically cut breastplates of stiff gilt paper. Gilt horns, staring red eyes and greatly exaggerated sex organs to denote whether they were to contain the bodies of men or women completed a most startling effect. For the lower castes were much simpler coffins in the form of large white fish.

The most striking objects were the huge towers or 'Wadas' in which the bodies were to be carried from the temple to the cremation ground. They were also built of bamboo in the form of many storied pagodas. Hundreds of men were busy wreathing them in red and blue tinsel and long streamers of white and gold. Perched on the back



*Daughters of the Sultan on a state visit.*

of each 'Wada' was a gigantic Garuda, the sacred bird who once carried Vishnu to safety. With outspread golden wings they lent a fantastic but impressive appearance.

After some hours of waiting we heard loud cries and shouts from behind one of the temple altars, and out rushed a number of half naked bearers with seven cow caskets. Seemingly infuriated, they burst into the road, scattering the closely packed spectators, and with whoops of laughter disappeared in the direction of the cremation ground.

Chinese crackers were fired. At the stone steps leading from the archway of the temple appeared a line of some five hundred girls and women bearing on their heads trays of offerings and jars of holy water. Quickly and gracefully they marched toward the ground, followed by many men carrying above their heads a long narrow strip of white cloth over which the souls of the dead would begin their migration.

Then came the daughter of the Sultan. Clad in a sarong of red brocade, her headdress like the golden nimbus of the saints in mediaeval pictures, she was

seated in a gilt chair borne on the shoulders of ten men.

Now the haunting cadence of the Gamelan ceased. After a pause, the 'Gamelan of Death' took up the theme. Its instruments made of wood and bamboo, give out mournful tones.

To the steady throb of the drums came the first 'Wada', carried by a hundred sweating shouting men. On the lower platform stood a great gilt throne around which the bones were to be placed. The other 'Wadas' followed until all were lined by the roadside.

A swirling movement of the crowd and the strangest part of the ceremony began. With shouts of laughter, groups of men dashed through the gate, down the steps, carrying the bodies, wrapped in white cloth bound with red brocade. To the end of each bundle were tied tiny live chickens. Madly the men raced to the 'Wadas', ran up the high bamboo inclines, deposited the bones around the chairs and still laughing and whooping dashed back for more. Finally all the bones were carried out except those of the Sultan which were





*Awaiting the cremation procession outside the temple gate.*

reverently placed beside his widow, seated on the throne of the principal 'Wada'.

More cow caskets were carried from the sheds. Astride each cow a garlanded rider clung like grim death while the shouting bearers endeavoured to unseat him by making the cow buck like a broncho as they ran in and out among the 'Wadas'.

Down the road went the whole procession. 'Wadas' caskets, bearers, of holy water, temple offerings, flowers, garlands, priests, baskets of rice cakes, dancing youths, laughing maidens, while the few Europeans scurried in and out among the thousand or so onlookers trying to get pictures of the different parts, which the overhanging trees and narrow winding lane made difficult.

About half a mile from the temple the procession turned into a footpath through the woods which crossed a broad stream. What excitement! The bearers rushed into the water up the stream to the left, turning, down to the right, and back again to the path, twisting the huge Wadas around to

bewilder the malignant spirits who were trying to follow the souls of the dead.

Across the stream lay the bare expanse of the cremation ground. The Wadas were placed in line and against them the bamboo inclines. Priests mounted and removed the bodies, putting them in the cow caskets.

The beautiful brocades in which the bones were wrapped were taken off, but no one paid any attention to the scores of poor little chickens. They were either carelessly trampled under foot or thrust half in and half out of the caskets, which were then placed on a high bamboo platform under which was an enormous pile of faggots.

The Wadas were removed to a safe distance to serve for the final ceremony, when the ashes of the dead are carried in them to the sea, and consigned to the waves, after which the Wadas are burned on the shore.

Around the pyres, men fantastically arrayed as ancient warriors performed a traditional dance. They were dressed in black and white cotton in a large plaid design and around each waist was a broad sash of silk of several colours



*The ornate "Wada" or tower in which bodies are carried from the temple to the cremation ground.*

through which was thrust an ivory or gold handled kriss. Their chests were bound in wide silk scarves, tied in a bow in front, the ends falling to the knees, and on their heads towered tall conical caps trimmed with peacock feathers. Weaving in and out, to the insistent throbbing of the 'Gamelan of Death' they advanced, spear in thrust, retreated, spear overhead.

The dance finished, the crowds surged to the pyres. The climax had arrived. The High Priest anointed the caskets with holy water, then broke the bowls which had contained it and threw them to the ground. The offerings were in place. To the mounting rhythm of the Gamelan and the shouts of the excited crowd, the pyres were ignited.

The sun set in a bank of purple cloud. The flames lit the weird scene, flickered and died down. In the gathering darkness the Balinese drifted in groups to the temple for the cremation feast and dances. Silence filled the night, then one was conscious of the song of a million cicadas.



*Rangda, the witch, a favourite symbolic dance*



*In a Balinese temple.*

Every suitable youth and maiden is expected to give three years service to the local temple. Training for the temple dances and dance dramas begin at an early age and dances are a nightly affair in all temple compounds.

The Djanger is a group made up of young people from fifteen to twenty years old. These dances have two distinct forms. The dancers are seated in a square two sides of which are formed by sixteen youths representing warriors, the other two by sixteen girls representing wives. The king sits in the middle of the square. The first type is modern, the music purely vocal, punctuated by rhythmic clapping, tells the story of some incident which recently occurred in the village, preferably humorous.

The second type is a dance drama founded on some tale from the Ramayana, as described on page 129. In the first act of this the girls dance in pairs around the king, the remainder maintain a kneeling posture, swaying



*Beautiful carving adorns Balinese temples.*



*The white spirit cloth over which the spirits begin their journey to the next incarnation.*





*The graceful Legong dance.*

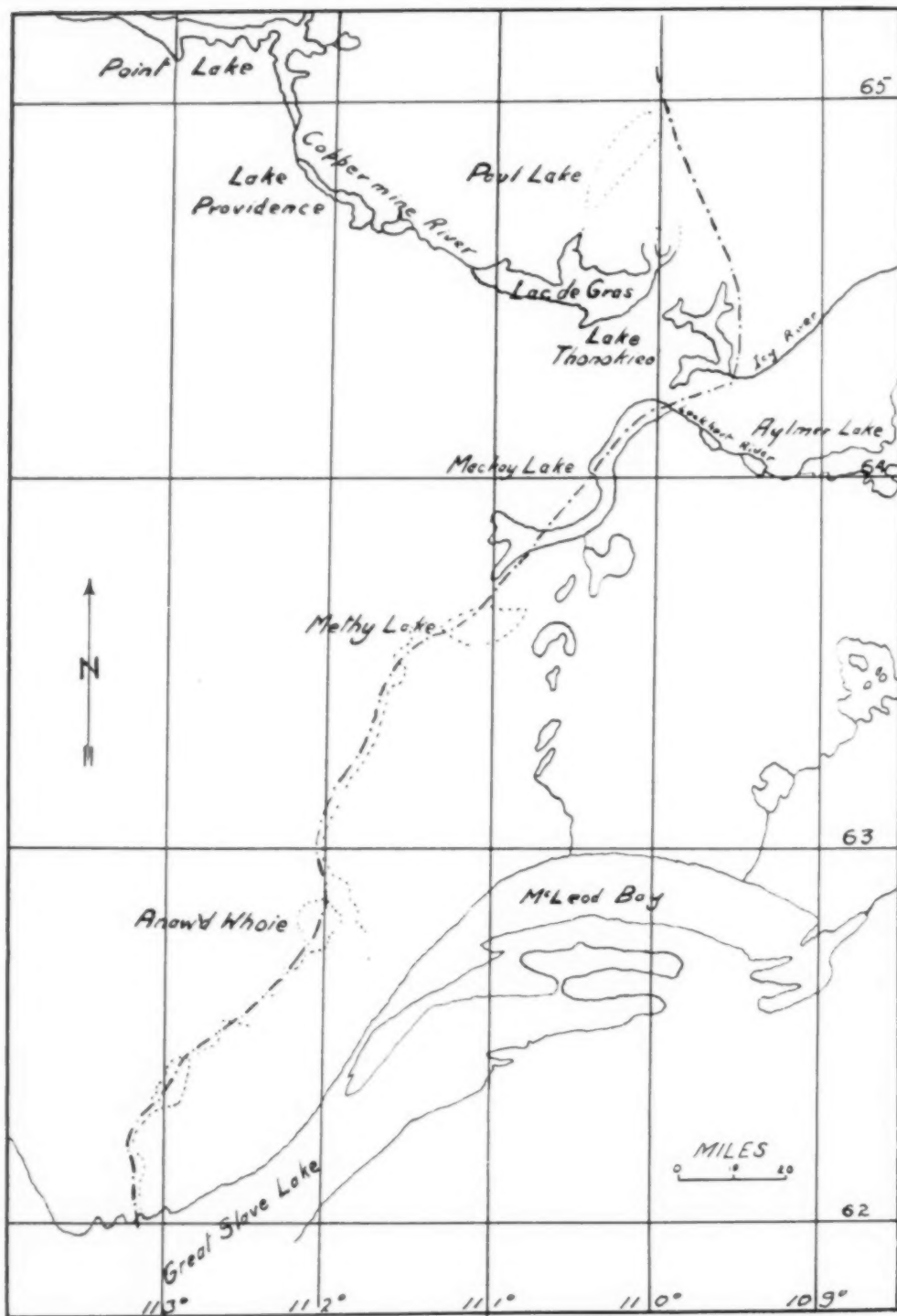
arms and bodies to the rhythm of the Gamelan. In acts two and three the king moves to one side and watches the dance drama.

The Legong, a dance performed by two girls closely resembling each other, and not over twelve years old. One disguised as a prince enters a harem in search of his lady love. He finds her and challenges her to prove her spiritual qualities by undergoing various transformations. Angered, she transforms herself into a bird, then a beast, finally

into Rangda, a she devil. The prince is satisfied and they are happily wed.

The Gamelan or native orchestra has usually a leader who is a master musician and a superb dancer. Frequently he is called upon for a "Sitting dance". His graceful body, naked from the waist up, and shapely arms sway and writhe in time to the music. He imitates the love making of birds, the deadly charm of a snake upon its prey, the wind in the trees. A superb artistry and revelation of interpretative power.





District north of Great Slave Lake, showing the principal lakes and streams. Dotted streams from Hearne's map and Paul Lake from the map of Warburton Pike.

# In the Footsteps of Samuel Hearne

By O. R. WRAY

IT was the writer's fortune to spend the summer of 1932 on a canoe reconnaissance, for the Geological Survey of Canada, of part of the district traversed by Samuel Hearne on his homeward journey from the Coppermine, one hundred and sixty-two years ago. In the mapping of his course Hearne was hampered both by having no adequate instruments for much of the journey, and little opportunity to make effective use of those he had. An attempt will here be made to identify his lakes as mapped and described in his Journal, with the more accurately located lakes of present-day maps. Such a task is difficult for several reasons.

The country over which he travelled is signally lacking in any striking and unique physiographic features which could be used for later identification. The value of such points, where found, is very great. As for example, Bloody Fall, which can be definitely located from his description. Other features, such as timber, can only be relied on in a general way, for fire and decay, or even change of climate, as he himself mentions in his Journal, can remove these speedily and thoroughly.

Even the peoples who hunt over the region have changed. In a footnote in his Journal Hearne mentions that the smallpox all but wiped out his Northern Indians a decade after his trip. The large area marked as the Yellowknife Preserve, which is bordered by the large lakes on the upper reaches of the Coppermine and Lockhart rivers, is now the trapping ground of the Dog Ribs who

drove out the original Yellowknives a century ago. Indian names for lakes in the Northland change from generation to generation, so it is unlikely that any of those his guides used would still persist, even if the same peoples still hunted in the district.

There is a mention at his "Copper Mine" of well defined Indian trails, but it is more than likely that these were made by the migrating caribou. The trail through the "Stoney Mountains" might be of similiar origin, for the caribou are noteworthy for their caution in avoiding walking over boulders. As for the rest of the country it was all part and parcel of the hunting-grounds of the Indians, and it is unlikely that they would follow the same trail twice, unless by chance.

Despite the popular connection of Hearne and the Coppermine River it is an interesting fact that he mapped only a small portion of this river where it enters the sea. On his return he

traversed part of its drainage system, but, although so informed by the Indians, he seemed to be sceptical of the fact.

His graphic account of the massacre of the Esquimaux in their camp at Bloody Fall is familiar to every one. Leaving this place on July 18th of 1771 the party hurried back to meet the women and children whom they had left on the Barren Lands. So great was the haste that Hearne and some of the Indians were almost compelled to fall out from "foot foundering". A week of this travelling and they met with their families near Cogead Lake. A few



*An old engraving of Samuel Hearne.*



*A winter scene at Athapuscow Lake depicted by Samuel Hearne.*

days' rest followed, and the whole party proceeded slowly to the south-west, moving camp no more than seven or eight miles per day.

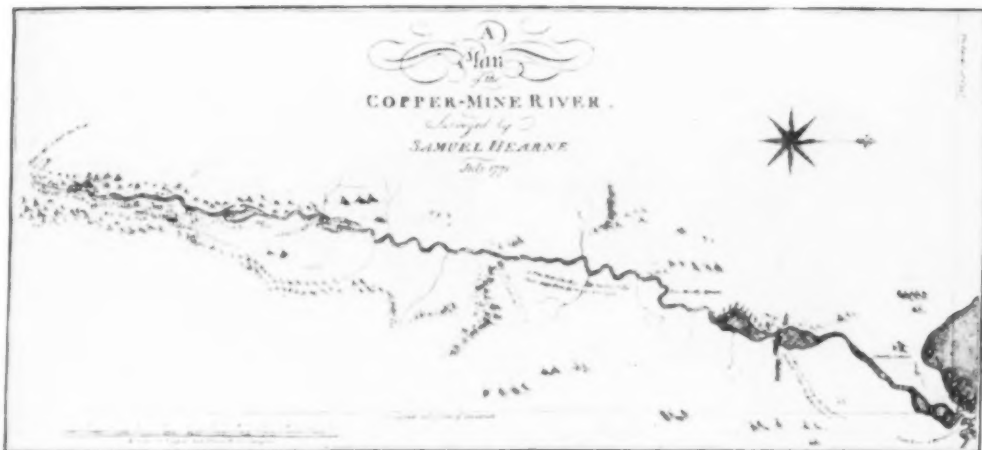
Several small lakes and streams were passed and by the 19th of August we find them on the east shore of Thaye-Church-Gyed Whoie, or Large White-stone Lake. Of this lake Hearne says that it "is about forty miles long from the North East to the South West, but of very unequal breadth. A river from the Northwest side of this lake is said to run in a serpentine manner a long ways to the Westward, and there tending to the Northward, composes the main branch of the Coppermine River, as has already been mentioned, which may or may not be true. It is certain that there are many rivulets which empty themselves into this lake from the South East; but as they are all small streams, they may probably be no more than what is sufficient to supply the constant decrease occasioned by the exhalations, which, during the short summer, so high a Northern latitude always affords".

This could certainly not be any of the lakes to the north of the present Point Lake (named by Franklin), for these drain to the south.—unless the Indians misrepresented this fact to him. Of the whole chain of lakes which form the headwaters of the Coppermine River the one which nearest fits this description as given is Lac de Gras and

its northerly extensions, Lac du Sauvage and Lake Paul. These lakes lie very close to the watershed between the Coppermine and Icy rivers, and hence the small size of the streams entering on their eastern side. The abundance of deer along its shores, as mentioned by Hearne, is significant. One of the main



*Portaging a canoe immediately north of Franklin's Point Lake.*



*An old map of the Coppermine River based on Hearne's survey.*

caribou crossings of the district is at the narrows between Lac du Sauvage and Lac de Gras. In 1932, at almost the identical dates that Hearne was plodding along the shores of his Large Whitestone Lake our party traversed Lac de Gras, and the caribou were in striking evidence at all times on its shores and the low hills beyond.



*Improved shelter by the shore of Mackay Lake, put up when the wind proved too strong for a tent.*

Leaving this lake Hearne's Indians proceeded in a general south-west direction for several days till they came to a lake which Hearne called Point Lake. This lake he shows on his map as a long lake, with a general northerly trend, and draining by a stream to the north east. This "small river belonging to Point Lake . . . was too deep and the current too rapid, to attempt fording it". The description with regard to size and direction would fit the Icy River, which drains the present day Lake Thonokied, but would scarcely be applied to the Coppermine, which runs into the present Point Lake at its southernmost extremity. This latter river is equal in breadth at this place to the same stream as described by Hearne at Bloody Fall, and such a phenomenon would scarcely go unnoticed.

A point in question, however, is the finding of timber by this lake. During the summer of 1932 no timber was seen along the shores of Lake Thonokied. This is, of course, not definite proof that there is none further back in sheltered valleys, for isolated patches of timber can occur very far out from the general timber line, where conditions of shelter, soil and moisture are favourable. Then, as before mentioned, timber is decidedly an ephemeral feature. Steady camping in a patch of trees can wipe them out in a few seasons, or a fire—and many fires were lit and left burning as Hearne mentions casually—could





*Baby may have a pink ribbon but when he goes places, he still travels in the old-fashioned style.  
Resolution wharf.*



*"Franklin's Monument", a mass of weathered silts, a stone's throw from the site of Fort Enterprise.*



*Rocky travelling on a portage south of Mackay Lake.*



*Taking it easy in solid comfort till the wind dies down.*



*An old view of Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake.*

undo the growth of centuries in as many hours. Howbeit, they camped by this timber to wait for winter and to prepare clothing, sledges and snowshoes.

When they travelled again it took but a day's walk to put them onto the ice of No Name Lake. This lake "is about fifty miles long from North to South, and, according to the accounts of the Indians, is about thirty five miles from East to West . . . On the south side of this lake we found some wood, which was acceptable, being the first that we had seen since we left Point Lake." The caribou also disappeared at this stage of the journey, a situation that the Indians had foreseen and provided for.

The length as given (though not the width, which is stated from hearsay) would apply to Mackay Lake. Scattered and persistent patches of timber first appear on the southern side of this lake. It is an interesting fact that the area immediately south of Mackay Lake

is desert as far as game is concerned. In the summer of 1932 the last caribou were seen about half way down Mackay Lake, and over a strip of twenty miles or so starting a little south of this lake, there were no signs to show that they ever came into the country. Sufficient reason for this lies in the presence of huge trains of boulders, rounded and treacherous underfoot, encumbering the hills and valleys.

Pursuing their general south westerly course, Hearne and his party left the



*Above:—Coppermine River Eskimo type.*

*Left:—A Dog-Rib Indian at Fort Rae.*

*Photographs by Geoffrey D'Egville.*

*Right:—Fort Rae Dog-Rib Indian  
in caribou-skin coat.*

*Below:—Coppermine River Eskimo  
type.*

*Photographs by Geoffrey D'Egville.*



which lay over the little lakes of two stream systems, as is shown on his map. In travelling down these streams, Hearne mentions that no deer were killed by the hunters until they were within a few day's travel of Great Slave Lake. The caribou migration in the fall is to the westward, coming onto Great Slave Lake from its eastern end, and spreading out through the many islands for the winter, but never going further west than Rocher River.

It is known fairly definitely that Hearne must have come onto Great Slave Lake at some point very near to Gros Cap, for, in crossing to the south shore, over many stony islands, he describes the land that they came to as "a fine, level country, in which there was not a hill to be seen, or a stone to be found" and with timber equal to any that he has seen elsewhere in Canada. This description could only apply to the country lying between Rocher (Talston) and Slave rivers, which is almost entirely a part of the delta of the latter.

ice of this lake and proceeded overland. Sufficient woods were found each night to furnish not only fuel, but also shelter for the tents. Five days of traversing these, and the Indians were at the edge of the main woods. Here again they stopped, to prepare more snowshoes and proper sledges, an indication of the small size of the timber which they had found at their Point Lake.

From here they followed a route, still in a general south-west direction,



*White water and an uphill grade on the Yellowknife River.*



*A native house and the versatile tepee at Resolution.*

A fair sized stream enters Great Slave Lake immediately east of Gros Cap on the north shore. The portage trails on the lower reaches of it show signs of recent and steady usage. Ned Herron, of Resolution, in speaking of this river said that it formed a route used by the Dog Rib Indians of Great Slave Lake to go to Mackay Lake. He himself had been up it some thirty miles in winter time. Its name among the Indians who travelled it was "The Big River", although several other residents of Resolution gave it the less grandiose title of Mink Creek.

Once across the big lake the Indians took Hearne south, at first close to, and then on, the Slave River. Finally they turned off to the east, to retrace their way to Fort Prince of Wales. Where they left the Slave River is not definitely known, but it was likely before Salt Creek, below Fort Smith, was reached, or else some mention of its nature might be expected, since it was known to the Indians. No mention of the rapids at Fort Smith is made, so it is not likely that these were reached.



# The World's Great Cataracts

By H. E. M. KENSIT

THE panorama of nature throughout the world shows us no more sublime vision than that of a great waterfall, ever entrancing in its beauty and awesome in the sense it gives us of the appalling force of the falling water. Mountains may look cold and gloomy, plains may be monotonous or parched, the seas may be desolate and forbidding, but, summer or winter, calm or storm, a waterfall is always a thing of beauty that charms, soothes and elevates our senses.

When we speak of "great waterfalls" we mean those possessing both height and large volume of water. High falls on small streams are very numerous, many of them of conspicuous beauty, but it is height combined with a large volume of water falling over a wide crest that creates a scene of both beauty and grandeur. Many figures concerning large waterfalls are very doubtful—some give the total height or "head" that could be utilized for power development and include rapids and secondary falls both above and below the main falls—sometimes many miles of them—and the figures of flow are usually estimates on very incom-

plete measurements, but nevertheless they are probably sufficiently near to give a fair idea of the comparative magnitude and scenic effect.

Before describing a few of the world's greatest waterfalls we may dwell for a moment on some of their characteristics. Many people would expect for instance that at a given waterfall the most magnificent display would occur at the time of the highest flood, but in most cases the channel below the falls, usually a deep rocky gorge, is of much less capacity than the river bed above them, there is consequently not enough "get-away", and when the river is in

flood the water piles up in the gorge to such an extent that the height of the falls is greatly diminished—they may even be nearly "drowned out" and furthermore the clouds of additional spray largely obscure the view, so that in such cases the greatest scenic effect is reached considerably before the water is at its highest.

Comparisons are proverbially odious and they are far from satisfactory when we deal with waterfalls, because no one excels in all measurements—furthermore, from the scenic point of view,



*Grand Falls, Hamilton River, Labrador, with a sheer fall of 316 feet, showing how the river narrows for the great leap. Surrounded by bleak northern scenery but of great beauty, and, with the rapids, capable of producing some 4,500,000 horsepower.*

©Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

that which is a colossal sight at high water may, from the reduced flow, become a puny thing for a large part of the year, and the surroundings may be very beautiful for one and less beautiful for another.

Waterfalls once formed and barring erosion or shifting of the course of the river, are by nature everlasting, and yet they live in constant danger of losing their lives at the hands of man for the purpose of developing power — many beautiful falls have already met this fate and nothing remains of them but a dribble of water over a concrete dam or spillway — but while their beauty is gone they are rendering inestimable service to man. Just as the Englishman says: "Here's a fine day — let's go and kill something" so the engineer says: "Here's a fine waterfall — let's develop it". At the present moment, however, we wish to think of waterfalls mainly from the scenic point of view and to visualize those that create the most beautiful and impressive scenes as they now are—we cannot say before they were touched by man because in one of the principal cases, it is believed the only one, that of Niagara Falls, large amounts of power have been

developed without injury to the scenic effect.

South America is a land of immense waterfalls, but space will only allow of briefly describing a few of the greatest, three in or bordering on Brazil and one in British Guiana. Brazil occupies about one-half of South America and borders on ten out of twelve of the countries therein, the boundaries being largely formed by the rivers — many of these and their waterfalls are therefore international, so that some waterfalls possess two or even three names and even more spellings.

In order to give a sort of bird's-eye view of the comparative size and effect of the major waterfalls, we may first give a little table of their most important particulars, with the sheer perpendicular drop and the maximum flow as measured or estimated — this maximum flow may last but a short time and may be fifty times the minimum so that it is no indication of the value as a source of continuous power. The flow of a river is always given in cubic metres or feet per second, a cubic foot being equal in round figures to 10 gallons or 62 pounds. Arranging the leading falls in order of their height the approximate measurement are thus:—

	Max. height in feet	Flow in cubic feet per second		Crest in feet
		Maximum	Minimum	
Kaieteur, British Guiana.....	741	....	23,000	400
Victoria, South Africa.....	336	550,000	11,750	5,000
Grand, Labrador.....	316	165,000	50,000	500
Paulo Affonso, Brazil.....	260	354,000	35,000	..
Iguassu, S. Brazil.....	210	110,000	12,400	10,000*
Niagara, N. America.....	167	314,000	113,000	4,770*
Guayra, S. Brazil.....	90	2,660,000	408,000	..

\*Including a small island in both cases.



Niagara Falls. Countless pictures of the beauty of these falls in both their summer and winter garbs have been published—this one shows the less well known industrial aspect as seen from the air. The broad black strip in the centre is the portion of the Niagara River above the American Falls, which can be seen. On the right is a portion of Niagara Falls, N.Y., with a population of 75,000, and both these manufacturing cities were created and are maintained by the use of power obtained from a partial development of the Falls.

©Royal Canadian Air Force.



*The Floriana Falls, a portion of the Iguassu Falls, Argentina. The Iguassu Falls take their name from the river and are nearly two miles wide. Being at the junction of the republics of Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay, different sections have been given different names, though the generic name Iguassu covers the whole stretch.*

©The Pan-American Union.

Our own fine example at Niagara, while excelling in neither height nor volume, is unequalled in some important respects, as will be seen later. The highest waterfall in the world is claimed to be the Sutherland Falls in New Zealand with over 1900 feet, but this is not strictly a single perpendicular fall though it has this effect—it is really in three sections with slight horizontal breaks; The Ribbon Falls in the Yosemite Valley are over 1600 feet, and the Takakaw Falls in British Columbia are 1200 feet.

The Kaieteur Falls on the Potaro River in British Guiana were discovered in 1870 and though they are only 150 miles from Georgetown, the principal city, it requires five days journey through wild country to reach them. They are what may be called compact falls, when in flood 400 feet wide and with 20 feet depth of water, and this drops in clear view a perpendicular height of 740 feet into a

huge circular basin and continues in a series of rapids.

The volume of water is somewhat more than that of the Ottawa River and the rainfall of about 150 inches a year gives a high average flow. The backlash of the water has worn a vast cavern at the back of the falls, causing the effect of a dense black background against which the water and spray create a magical effect — as night falls numbers of swallows fly into this great cavern to rest behind the curtain of falling water.

The Kaieteur Falls lie in the depth of a tropical forest and from the heavily timbered and water-worn sandstone rocks surrounding them issue hundreds of small streams, every crevice and hollow filled with luxuriant ferns and mosses and above all floats a panorama of rainbows. Sir Everard im Thurn, author of *Amongst the Indians of Guiana* wrote that on approaching the Falls: "We reached the most beautiful scenery of that beautiful river. If the



*The portion of the great Iguassu Falls known as the San Martin Falls.*

©The Pan-American Union.

whole valley of the Potaro is fairy-land, then the Kaieteur ravine is the penetralia of fairyland." Perhaps at no other falls are solitude, majesty and beauty more generously spread before man.

*Victoria Falls.* An interesting account of Victoria Falls with a number of excellent views appeared in a recent issue of this *Journal*\* and gave a vivid description of the scenic wonders. We may however for the sake of comparison, further examine the striking peculiarities that distinguish these from all other falls. Victoria Falls are on the Zambesi River, almost exactly in the centre of Africa, east and west, and between North and South Rhodesia. The height and the flood flow are both about twice those of Niagara (see table on p. 148), the setting is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur and yet, while these falls were discovered by Livingstone in 1855, are now crossed by a bridge on the Cape to Cairo Railway and have been viewed by thousands, no person has or will ever see them as a whole except from

the air, for the following remarkable reason.

The Zambesi River, a mile wide, approaches the crest of the falls gently and makes a sheer drop into what is just a crack or fissure in the general level of the country, the surface being at the same height both above and below the falls. This fissure, the full length of the falls, is about 400 feet deep and from 100 to 300 feet wide and the river practically drops out of sight into it. From about the centre of this fissure another at right angles and about 300 feet wide forms the only passage for the discharge of the whole river, the two fissures forming a T, and the outlet of the raging torrent being known as the "Boiling Pot". Furthermore these fissures are so sharp and narrow that they are not observable till one is almost on their edge and consequently a complete view of this wonderful scene can only be obtained from the air. Into this mere crack in the earth there leaps, at time of flood, a million tons of water

\*The Victoria Falls, by R. S. Falk. March 1934, page 115.



per minute, sending up columns of spray, known as "The Five Fingers", to a height of 1000 to 3000 feet—the narrow outlet causes an immense piling up of the water during such floods and the height of the falls is greatly reduced.

Going back to the Cape to Cairo railway bridge that spans the gorge at Victoria Falls, it is related that Cecil Rhodes insisted that this must be built so that passengers could feel the spray from the falls and so well was this carried out that they do feel it even at low water. It is also interesting to know that it is reported that the tree on which Livingstone cut his initials in 1855 is still standing, and that the British East Africa Company are taking great care: "to keep the beauty of this valuable asset of their territory free from the ravages of vandalism".

*Grand Falls* on the Hamilton River, Labrador, were first seen by John McLean of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1839 and bore his name for a number of years. While Labrador is a bleak and bare country with little soil and of great cold, the immediate neighborhood of these Falls is heavily timbered and highly scenic, though it contrasts strongly with the tropical scenery of the great waterfalls in Africa and South America. The river for about five miles approaches the Falls as a wide stream of tumultuous rapids, then narrows rapidly to about 500 feet as it plunges 316 feet to a deep circular basin that it has formed for itself; from this it empties into a majestic canyon with sheer walls of 300 to 500 feet high and through this it roars for some thirty miles. The cliff of solid rock shakes beneath the beholder's feet, the clouds of spray can be seen for twenty miles and, as if to add a finishing touch of beauty to the scene, rainbows perpetually hover over it. Both the rainfall and snowfall are heavy and there is a continuous large flow of water.

*The Paulo Affonso Falls* on the Sao Francisco River in eastern Brazil are not so well known as some of the others, but both their height and volume of water give them a high position amongst the great waterfalls. The Sao (or San) Francisco is a great and wide river, 1800 miles long and navigable for 1000

miles of its middle course—it: "forces its way through the solid granite of the Coast Range" of mountains and then creates the Paulo Affonso Falls, 260 feet high and with a volume of water rising to over 350,000 cubic feet per second, so that these falls are greater in both respects than Niagara—as in several other cases, however, the height of the falls is greatly diminished at times of high flood.

*Iguassu* or Santa Maria Falls are on the Iguassu River, a tributary of the Parana in southern Brazil, and within 150 miles of the great falls on the Parana River. They are clearly visible and rank as one of the most magnificent of the great waterfalls. The river divides into two streams separated by a small island—on one side is a sheer drop of 210 feet, on the other side two successive drops of 100 feet each—the total width along the crest is 10,000 feet or nearly two miles and when the water is high this is completely covered except for the island. The Falls drop into the Parana River where it passes in a deep and narrow gorge called the Devil's Canyon, and when there is a rise of ten feet on the Iguassu the water in the Gorge rises 120 feet.

Rosita Forbes, in her book of travel on *Eight Republics in Search of a Future* thus describes them:—

"... a marvel like the silver scimitar of Iguassu bared suddenly from its sheath of jungle . . . where Brazil, Paraguay and the Argentine meet in a welter of tropical forest, the Iguassu River empties its deep blue waters into the brick-brown rapids of the upper Parana . . . it crashes over a series of horseshoe cliffs separated by tiers of flowering trees . . . an indigo haze covers a thousand leagues of forest . . . Above the vast and rolling web of green . . . there hangs a cloud of foam. Out of it springs a rainbow and below it, where the river hurls itself into the gorge, the jungle is cleft into arches of crystal . . . we paddled into the rapids above the cataract . . . we came to an outcrop of rock . . . on either side of it rushed immeasurable weight of water, so that it seemed as if a world were moving past us."



*A close-up view of part of Victoria Falls, showing the great beauty of the scene.*

*© L' Illustration, Paris.*



*The Guayra Falls on the Parana River between Brazil and Paraguay, considered by many to be the greatest waterfall in the world. While the sheer drop is only 90 feet the volume of water is enormous—about eight times that at Niagara.*

*Niagara Falls* have been so extensively described and pictured and are so well known that we may omit general description and touch on some of their unique individual features, scenic and utilitarian. *Niagara Falls* do not lead in either height or maximum volume of water but the attribute that distinguishes them from all others is the enormous water storage that lies behind them, that of the Great Lakes with a total water surface of 90,000 square miles—this results in exceptional evenness of flow, the minimum being about one third of the maximum whereas in the case of such rivers as the Zambesi it is only one-fiftieth—this results in the beauty of the falls being maintained at nearly all times and furthermore it enormously increases their value as a source of continuous power. Another advantage possessed by *Niagara Falls* is the large outlet for the water, the gorge below the Falls being about 1000 feet wide, so that there is not the loss of head suffered by many of the other great waterfalls under flood conditions.

Alone amongst all those mentioned *Niagara Falls* are situated in a densely populated district and are readily accessible to visitors from all over the world. Equally alone amongst the others they have been partially but largely developed for power while their beauty has been safe-guarded by treaty. They are therefore unique in that they offer unimpaired beauty combined with commercial utilization, and it is possible to put a value on both these so as to visualize the worth of a wisely used waterfall to the country that possesses it. It has been officially estimated that visitors from all over the world bring a continuous revenue of forty or fifty million dollars a year to the district; it is agreed that some 3,670,000 horsepower or about 60 per cent of the total possible could and probably will be developed without injury to the scenic value—the average return from this may be very conservatively taken at \$19 per horsepower or \$70,000,000 per annum; the value of these falls is therefore something like \$120,000,000 per year or capitalized at 5 per cent nearly two and a half billion dollars.



*The edge of the Grand Falls in Labrador, facing the canyon entrance below it. Taken from above the fall.*

The Guayra or Sete Quedas Falls are on the Parana River between Brazil and Paraguay, this being the largest river in South America next to the Amazon — the world-famous Amazon, it may be noted, possesses little in the way of waterfalls. Sete Quedas means "Seven Falls" and the total drop on this reach of the river is some 380 feet but the greatest sheer fall is only 90 feet, yet it is stated\* that these falls are probably the largest in the world because the flow ranges from 400,000 to well over 2,500,000 cubic feet per second, more than eight times the maximum flow at Niagara.

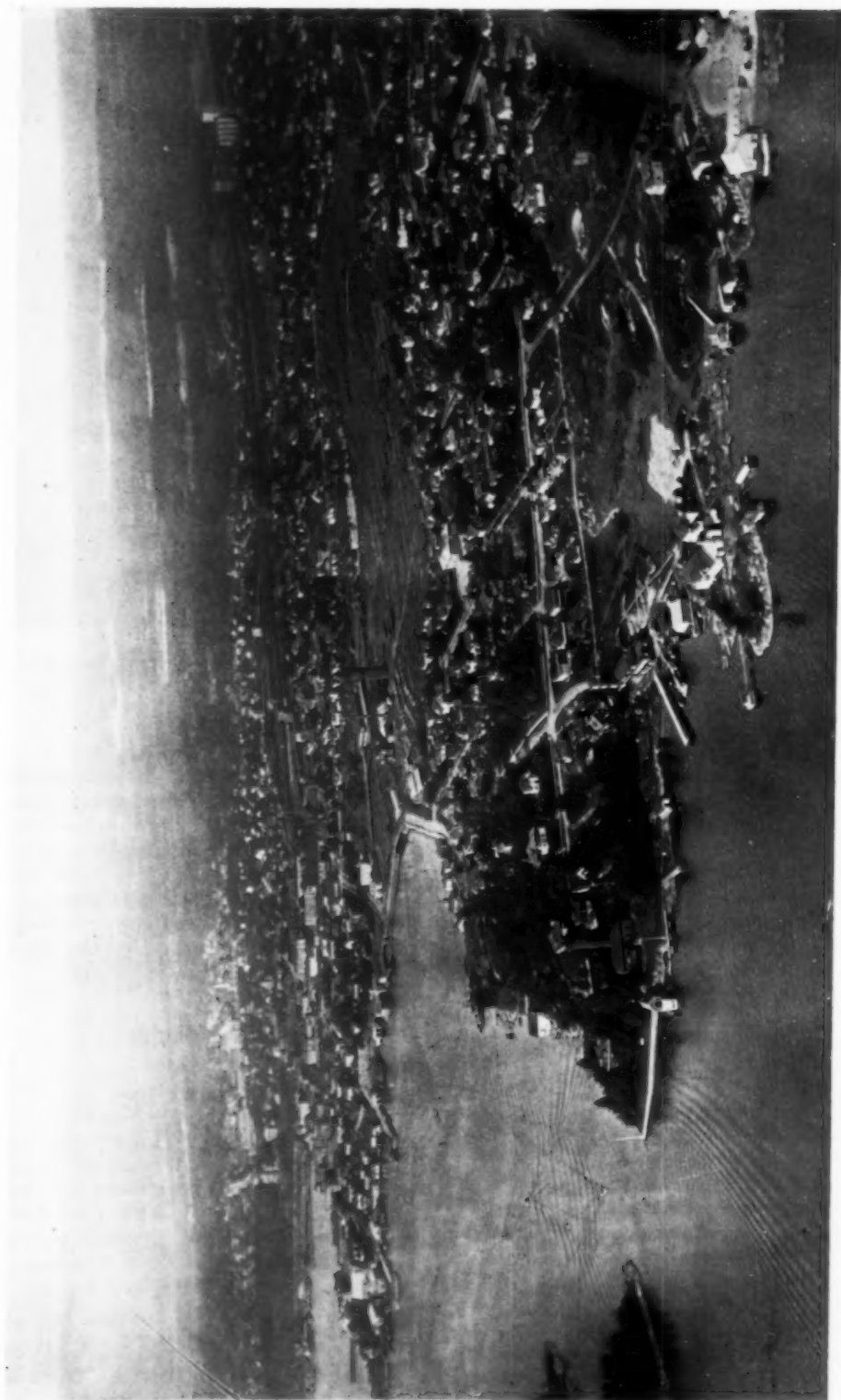
The river enlarges to a considerable lake above the falls and then, following what seems a general habit with great waterfalls, leaps into a narrow gorge, this one so restricted at the falls that any rise in the river causes ten times as great a rise in the lower channel, but

the drainage area is so extensive that it embraces several climates and gives a high average flow. The power that could be made available at this one site has been estimated at from twelve to forty million horsepower.

And now, looking backward over the foregoing, can we answer the question, which is the greatest and which the most beautiful waterfall in the world? Of those discussed the Guayra Falls are the greatest in volume of water and capacity to produce power but least in height. The flow and the height of some of the greatest of the waterfalls vary so much with the wet and dry seasons that they change places as to size, and even if one qualified observer could see the whole of them it is highly improbable that he could so time his visits that the flow and the height and the weather would all work together to afford the most beautiful and impressive effect that each can produce.

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\*By Mr. A. W. K. Billings, Vice-President in charge of hydraulic development, Brazilian Traction, Power and Light Company, in the Engineering Journal of the E.I.C., August 1930.



*Aerial view of Kenora. The tip of Coney Island shows at Cameron Narrows in the foreground. The Ontario Forestry Branch is in the foreground at the right; next on the point is the fish hatchery.*





*Looking out through the channels to Rocky Narrows.*

## The Lake of the Woods

By EARLE C. POPHAM

**S**ITUATED IN the extreme western portion of Ontario lie the international waters of the Lake of the Woods, a veritable "Happy Hunting Ground" just newly opened to the ubiquitous automobile tourist by the completion in 1932 of the Winnipeg-Kenora link of the Trans-Canada highway. The formal opening was an historic occasion in so far as the two Provinces were concerned as the highway linked the only two Provinces not so joined and a cairn with a suitably engraved tablet marks the scene at the boundary. It was also of keen significance in that another link of that great National highway that will carry Canadians on their own soil from the Atlantic to the Pacific had been completed. The Lake of the Woods has since the "gay nineties" been the mecca of Manitoba's beauty loving summer vacationists but the new highway promises to bring to its waters hundreds of thousands to whom the name is only a place reported to be of surpassing beauty.

The Lake is in many ways unique in the world. In area it represents some 1,500 square miles of surface. From North to South and East to West it is about 65 miles each way, yet so irregular is it, and so prolific of bays, that its shorelines exceed in length those of Lake Superior.

A Lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. — Thoreau.

Within the northern part of its shorelines lie unnumbered islands — unnumbered truly, for no complete survey

has ever been made, but there are thought to be in excess of 12,000. They range in size from the thousands of acres of Big Island down through every size to honeymoon islands certainly made for no more than two. The Lake lies partly in the United States with the major portion in Canada, the boundary line running from Rainy River across the waters of the Big Traverse to the North West angle of boundary dispute fame where an isolated part of the State of Minnesota juts into Canada. So isolated is it that there is no American land connection, and access to it from other parts of the State can only be made by boat or by passing through the Province of Manitoba, whose extreme South-East angle forms the shoreline of Buffalo Bay and Buffalo Point in the South-westerly part of the Lake. Manitoba again reaches out to the Lake at Snowshoe Bay and Indian Bay on Shoal Lake which, while separately named, is really a part of the Lake of the Woods. In Indian Bay is located the inlet to the City of Winnipeg's magnificent gravity water supply line, which carries the clear sparkling waters of the lake ninety miles to that City. Capable of supplying 85,000,000 cubic feet of water



*An aerial view gives an idea of the maze of islands and channels.*

every twenty-four hours, it assures Winnipeg an all time water supply.

It was in 1687 or 1688 that Jacques de Noyon, a native of Three Rivers, after wintering on Rainy Lake, descended Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods. In 1732 that great explorer, Pierre Gaultier de la Verendrye, reached the Lake and in that summer built the first white habitation at a point about two miles from American Point at the North-West angle in what is now that isolated part of the State of Minnesota. Fort St. Charles as it was called, was a port of call on the long passage to the Western Plains, and it was from Fort St. Charles that the unfortunate expedition set forth, only to be massacred by the Sioux when Jean-Baptiste de la Verendrye and Father Aulneau, a Jesuit, lost their lives. Massacre Island, where the party had landed, is now marked by a great cross erected by the St. Boniface Historical Society, whose researches established the site of the fort and of the tragedy.

At the time of de la Verendrye's visit, the Lake does not appear to have been occupied exclusively by any tribe of

Indians, but variously by the Sioux, Crees, Assinaboines, and Ojibways. The Indians considered the Lake as four lakes, the names giving a fairly accurate description of its various parts. The Northern or main part of the Lake was



*The old—birch bark canoe and blanket sail, a type that is disappearing rapidly.*



*Squaw Lake narrows near Cul de Sac.*

Kamnitic Sakahagan, variously translated as Lake of the Woods, Lake of the Isles, or Island Lake; to the South-East lay Whitefish Lake, now Whitefish Bay; to the South, Pekwaonga Sakhagan or Lake of the Sandhills, embracing the

Big Traverse, a large open shallow expanse, while in the North-west was Clearwater Lake, now Clearwater Bay, known to thousands as their first glimpse of the Lake of the Woods from the Trans-Canada Highway. The French, during their regime, gave it various names, as Lac des Bois, Lac des Sioux, Lac des Isles; the present name being, of course, a translation of the French name which is probably again a translation of one of the older Indian names.

Through these waters of the many names lay the main trade route between Eastern and Western Canada. This route, by way of Lake Superior, entered the Lake from Rainy River, wound through the eighty odd miles of lake channels to a portage into the Winnipeg River, known as the Rat Portage, where Kenora and Keewatin now stand, and so to Lake Winnipeg and the West. Over this route travelled the voyageurs and coureurs de bois of New France; the fur brigades of the Hudson Bay Company and the North West Company; at one time the Government proposed by steamboat, portage and



*The new—part of the Royal Lake of the Woods Yacht Club fleet.*



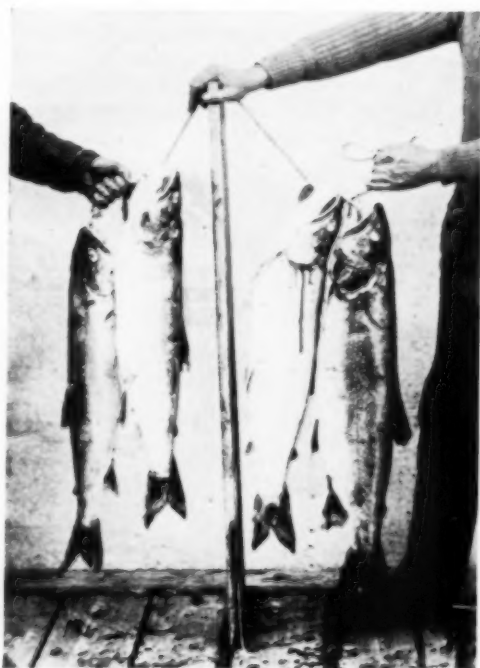
*A typical complete  
Indian menage.*

rail to keep it as the main Trans-Canada communication. It saw its last great brigades when Lord Wolseley led his Red River expedition over its lakes, rivers, and portages in 1870, on his way to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) to quell Riel's North-West rebellion. These waters that saw the history of Canada develop as the travellers changed, have now become a focal point to those tourists who seek constantly for the new. Important as this route was to old-time water borne commerce, it promises to become even more important as a tourist playground.

To describe the lake itself as it now reposes before the eye is difficult. There are, as the use of earlier names suggests, two distinct parts. The Northern portion with an excessively irregular rock coast line has its whole expanse thickly studded with islands. The Southern portion presents the contrasting character of a broad sheet of shallow water almost totally free from islands with low, sandy, and marshy shores. The boundary line between these two naturally distinct portions is substantially the International boundary line, the Northern or more interesting and beautiful part being in Canada.

Faced with the problem of painting a word picture of this paradise of islands and water, it would perhaps be easiest to again turn back and see first the impressions others received as they crossed its waters by birch bark canoe, and York boat.

W. F. Butler, about 1874<sup>7</sup> passed over the Lake in a Yorkboat and in his book "Great Lone Land" described this part of his trip in glowing words, "That portion of the Lake of the Woods through which we now steered our way was a perfect maze and network of island and narrow channel; a light



*Just two hours with rod and line—77 pounds of  
lake trout.*

*A picture taken when the white woman was still battling for the right to "paddle her own canoe." A good example of a well designed and built birch-bark canoe.*



breeze from the North favoured us and we passed gently along the rocky islet shores through unruffled water. In all directions there opened out innumerable channels some narrow and winding, others straight and open, but all lying between shores clothed with a rich and luxuriant vegetation; shores that curved and twisted into mimic bays and tiny

promontories that rose in rocky masses abruptly from the water, that sloped down to meet the Lake in gently swelling undulations that seemed, in fine, to present in the compass of a glance every varying feature of island scenery. Looking through these rich labyrinths of tree and moss covered rock it was difficult to imagine that winter could ever stamp its frozen image upon such a soft summer scene."

Many words do not make the profuse statement necessarily the most emphatic; the time and circumstance of a statement may add to its impressiveness. An English journalist David K. Brown passed across the Lake some few years after Butler's visit, he returned, lived and died by the Lake. He was buried on October 14th, 1883, his being the first grave in the Lake of the Woods cemetery and his epitaph which he wrote himself, is eloquent in its simplicity—"The beauty of the Lake of the Woods pervades me."

Reaching such a paradise is now easy for the tourist over the splendid highway from Winnipeg to Kenora, but persuading him that the few miles of lake that he sees before his tent or cabin door constitute only the plain front yard to the beauties that lie beyond the narrow confines of Rat Portage Bay, is more difficult.

Fronting on this bay, Kenora is the logical jumping off place to explore this vast playground. From Rat Portage Bay there are only two channels avail-



*The titular deity of the Devil's Gap.*





*View from the forestry tower at "The Passage". The most famous trout pool on the lake is in the foreground.*

able to reach the lake proper—the Devil's Gap and the Keewatin Channel. The Devil's Gap lying about two miles from the Town's docks is a narrow channel some fifty feet wide at its entrance and an even mile in length. At the entrance stands a large rock and delineated upon it in red, black and white are the features of the titular "Wendigo" of the place. At the opposite end stands the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Devil's Gap Bungalow Camp, a highly modern camp of separate cabins and a magnificent dining hall and lounge. Looking out over the Gap on the one hand and a larger expanse of the lake edged with \$40,000.00 summer homes on the other, it gives an excellent idea of the more modern and civilized aspect of the lake. From the outer end of the Gap and from the Keewatin Channel, which, broader and easier of navigation, accommodates the larger boats, the navigator is given an almost limitless choice of routes.

Three main routes radiate from here; the first to the south-east leads to Whitefish Rapids and what is locally known as the upper lakes and farther

to the south-east to Turtle Portage fifty miles out where a few yards of rock separate the traveller from the long sweep of Sabisquong Bay that runs Eastward from the Big Traverse, our Lake of the Sand Hills.

Substantially straight south will lead to the Town of Rainy River 90 miles away over the old voyageur course or swinging to the west across the Big Traverse will bring you to the Town of Warroad in Minnesota.

Westward leads one to Clearwater Bay and the Trans-Canada Highway or through Ash Rapids and Shoal Lake to Indian Bay and Waugh in Manitoba and the inlet to Winnipeg's magnificent gravity water supply system.

These three routes have spread out fan shaped over the lake and in between and around and across lie channels, islands and beauty spots by the score and hundred.

Along all these shores stand pine, spruce and balsam, poplar and birch—the true northern woods. The shore is never the same, here a great cliff stained an orange red, there a huge curving



*Even winter has its charms around the lake.*

lichen-covered, rock sweeping to the water; beyond a low boulder shore, and in the bay a sweep of gleaming sand.

No two bits of water are the same. Here a channel mirrorlike in its tranquility and beyond it the surge of open water throwing the flying spray far above our heads; then in a moment we are sheltered by a long arm of the shore and a deer is drinking by the water lilies at the foot of the bay.

Every foot of every channel gives something new—a grouping of islands, the beckoning sweep and curve of a channel or the long expanse of quiet water to the further shores miles away. No one description can cover all the beauties of this glorious lake for as soon as it is done the sun sets in a blaze of colour and the water suddenly becomes suffused with red, heliotrope, rose, and the trees and shores take a quieter and softer beauty. Paint this and ere it is done the moon creeps over the horizon and the whole scene is bathed in splendor. Pavements of dancing silver stretch across the waters and in the bays the trees lean forward to gaze at their own reflection in the moonlit waters.

Beyond these attractions of beauty for the tourist lie lures even keener. The Lake of the Woods has supplied many of the prize lake trout of the Field and Stream competitions. Trout up to 54 pounds caught on rod and line are authentically recorded and many weighing in the upper thirties are still common to the ardent angler. The lake trout are the spring attraction, the fishing being at its best when, as the Indians have it, the poplar leaf is just so far opened. The Passage, Whitefish Bay, Clearwater Bay and Echo Bay are the best of the trout waters of the main lake and the thrill that comes when a thirty pound trout surges slowly into view at the urge of a slender silk line is one never to be forgotten. Although spring is the true lake trout season, midsummer will yield excellent catches of smaller trout in the spring fed upper lakes and patient deep water fishing will bring the big ones in the main lake.

But who wants to fish for the rather lethargic lake trout, when the fighting leaping black bass is "jumping-crazy for the fly?" Introduced into these waters some twenty years ago, the

small mouth black bass has flourished exceedingly. They are now known all over the lake, although Andrew Bay, Yellow Girl Bay, Ash Rapids, and the Labyrinth yield the best catches. There are records of 80 and 90 in a day—of course, the surplus were returned to the water after their spectacular battle. Now, that is fishing! For concerted vim, vigour, and vitality, give me a four pound black bass on the end of 50 yards of light line, and even the scenery pales into nothingness until that package of scrapping energy is brought to the net.

Pickarel (wall eyed pike) and Jacks (great northern pike up to thirty pounds and over) abound, but to reach the next heights of fishing, there are the maskinonge. Great fighting fresh water tigers that seem to grow without limit! The world's record muskie (on rod and line) was caught in the Lake of the Woods. After viewing it as mounted, one fair tourist wanted to know if it was safe to bathe in the Lake of the Woods with such things swimming around.

In the fall the red deer and moose absorb attention and more and more the American tourist is working north in search of the superlative hunting this district affords. In doing this he is merely following the game itself as the Lake of the Woods area was a Caribou country and as the caribou were driven north by local settlement so have the deer and moose been driven north through the same cause in the United States. The game on and along the highways have proved one of the greatest of attractions. One tourist in the summer of 1932 leaving just at daylight reported seeing 43 deer in about as many miles of travel. In fact so great an attraction are they on the roads that hunting along or adjacent to the highways is strictly prohibited.

In its many moods we have the Lake of the Woods—a hunting paradise of the red man, then the great water highway to the Canadian West and for the future, the playground of millions.



*A fighting Lake of the Woods bass is brought to net.*

*Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway.*

# *The* **HAPPY LAND**

*By Lloyd Roberts*

*Illustration by  
Phoebe Thomson*



**I**N the North Country there is a great river. Upon its shore stands the City Beautiful, webbed with bridges, pointed with towers and steeples, muffled in green foliage. Its upper water gate is a thunderous fall, whose tumultuous voices drift westward over wide still reaches to merge with the more strident tongues of rock-torn rapids. Between the falls and the rapids there lies a crooked bay, whose walls are fashioned of elm and ash and cedar, whose floor is a scented tangle of rose, anemone and clover, white and red, and whose roof is white cloud heads and shimmering silver rain and the soft delphinium blue of southern seas.

Within this bay there nests a scattering of low, deep-porched cottages, half-revealed, their field-stone chimneys breathing blue smoke haze into the shaggy heads of elms. At night they are lost in impenetrable forest, until discovered by their warm red gleams from latticed windows and doors. Their dwellers are not forest folk, however, but workers in the towered city below who go down river in the morning freshness to return with the lengthening shadows to the peace of green pastures beside still waters.

Perhaps because of the quietude of environment or perhaps because of the understanding that first led them to

this Land, these people dwell in sweet isolation from all the outer world and even from each other. Laughter and shouts of children float across from garden to garden, a chance meeting upon the yellow sands brings momentary communion, a canoe floating like a scarlet leaf upon the slow currents runs the gauntlet of friendly eyes and tongues. That is all for the most part, until a beach picnic, a baby party, the tennis court or the swimming pier draws the little colony together in gaiest camaraderie. Sometimes of course an egg-beater or a motor-wrench is borrowed; sometimes there is an exchange of gossip beside the syringa bush; but the kitchen utensil is returned with gratitude and the gossip is of the kind that blesses its victim.

Yes, these people are neighbours in every sense of the word—there when wanted but never in each other's way, apart and yet merging in a common family to break bread and rally to small rescues at any and every call. Here the ordinary conventions cease. Your neighbour's visitors, his pleasures, his costume or lack of it, is nobody's business. Beach pyjamas, shorts, hoop-skirts if you prefer; sleep in beds or out under the stars; build stone walls or stretch all day in a hammock with a popular novel—nobody questions or

cares. Indeed there is only one inhibition, one common enemy, and all are happily agreed on this—a cat. A bird sanctuary has no place for a pussy, even a kitten with a silver bell.

Awake at dawn and listen to the joyous bedlam of birds that are too eager at first to sing, too bent each on drowning out its fellow. But presently the song sparrow and the vesper sparrow pause to chime their tinkling runs, the robin peals his matin song and the starling commences to gurgle and whistle provocatively. A kingfisher hurtles like a blue arrow from point to point, its derisive clatter shaking the dew from poplars. High in the morning blue a gull wheels like a patch of wind-driven snow. Out on the mist-wreathed water the herded logs are pale pinks and mauves. A red, double-pointed bateau, manned by a half-score swarthy buccaneers, creaks past the boom, its long arms distorting its reflections. Across the river the rising sun is throwing the billowing elms in sharp relief against the blue Laurentians and glinting the rapids into a million spear-heads.

All hours of the day the water rustles and cackles to the impact of small plunging bodies; the shore bush flutters with prying birds; sleek black and white cows from the back farm loom monstrous a moment and are gone; while from the not far distant background, where the world's wheels race their hectic course, comes the dull roar of traffic, the sharp blare of horns, at long intervals even the devastating scream of a locomotive—accentuating the significance of this calm in the midst of storm.

And evening, when the glory of northern sunsets wash sky and river, a deeper peace settles over the Land, so that the falls below and the rapids

above move near—one can all but catch what they are saying—the evening star flickers red and plunges into the after-glow; the Great Bear comes out above the towering black elms, and the unseen sandpipers start their incessant night-long pleading along the whispering shingle. Then the odour of sweet clover and milkweed hangs low in the dank air, mingling with that of phlox and stock and lavender from old gardens; the setting moon gleams silver from poplar leaves and in milk-white patches upon pale trunks, and nighthawks whistle and rip the blue-black sky with zooming pinions.

Just around the bend—an hour's paddle—lies the big city. One has only to slip out to mid-stream to catch its myriad glittering lights. There is civilization with all its inventions; here is the wilderness world, carrying on its minute unhurried existence as it did in the beginning; there is noise and turmoil and pleasure, here silence and peace . . .

"There is a Happy Land far, far away . . ." But this Happy Land is not far away. Indeed it is so near that anyone with eyes to see may find it. If he stumble upon it blindly he will not recognize it; if he endeavour to take it by violence and given direction he will find but strangers' cottages among shore trees. Latitude and longitude will be of no avail. He must find it for himself, searching within rather than without, and when he arrives there he will not require any painted sign or symbol to advise him of the fact, but he will drop off his pack, bathe hands and face in the river, catch the dear greetings of friends and know that he has come at last and without effort into that El Dorado of the heart—the Happy Land of all life's explorers.







## THE SMOKE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

It may be a great Test Match—watched by tens of thousands. It may be some less important occasion—when the only spectators dotting the stands seem to be a few bronzed men on leave from Overseas and a handful of elderly clergymen—dreaming between the overs of Grace and Homby, of Fry and other giants. But Cricket at Lord's is the same whether spectators are many or few. The golden afternoon wears on. The runs mount slowly on the score board. Until at last stumps are drawn, the faithful watchers melt away and along the deserted benches you'd find many a yellow package which earlier in the day contained the world famous Gold Flake Cigarettes.

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## Editor's Note Book

### Our Contributors

Marius Barbeau is too familiar to members to require introduction. In this quadracentenary year of celebration much has been printed about Cartier but it is doubtful if anything has yet appeared of a more novel character than Mr Barbeau's interesting study of the extent to which Rabelais was dependent on his conversations with Cartier for much of the material contained in his famous book of the fictitious and fantastic travels of Pantagruel. Pausing in the course of extensive travels, Mr and Mrs Duncomb give us a picture of the ceremonious rites of cremation in Bali, that island which in recent years, has become one of the show places of the Orient. O. R. Wray makes a contribution to the literature concerning that early explorer of the north-west, Samuel Hearne. H.E.M. Kensit of Ottawa, will be remembered for his previous contribution to the Journal on the Romance of Water Power, which appeared in the issue for January, 1933. Earle C. Popham, who writes of the beautiful Lake of the Woods is well known in that district as a barrister in Kenora. The contents of the issue are neatly rounded out

with the charming summer colony sketch contributed by Lloyd Roberts of Ottawa.

### International Geographical Congress

The Congress which sat in Warsaw from August 23rd to the end of the month, in spite of certain language difficulties, has been a conspicuous success. Most of the more important countries of the world were represented, some, notably Great Britain, the United States, France and Germany, by large and very representative groups. The size and importance of the delegations from Germany and Russia is a very gratifying evidence of the more cordial relations that are developing between those countries and Poland.

Papers were read, in the various sections of the Congress, on a great variety of subjects coming within the broad field of geography. The small Canadian group, consisting of the Editor and Major and Mrs Grant-Suttie of Toronto, took an active part in the activities of the Congress. Mr Burpee had the distinction of giving one of the few general evening lectures, his subject being "The



*Reproduction of the postage stamp issued in celebration of the quadracentenary of Jacques Cartier.*

Discovery of Canada", illustrated with a motion picture in the form of an animated map. The announcement at the opening meeting that Canada had joined the International Geographical Union and was officially represented for the first time at the Congress, was very well received, it being felt that Canada, because of her geographical, economic and other suggestive problems, had much to contribute to the sum of knowledge.

The Congress had admirable quarters in the huge Polytechnic building, erected by order of the late Emperor Nicholas II with a million roubles presented to him by Polish nobles when he visited Warsaw. It was characteristic of the times and the manner in which the Poles were treated by their Russian masters that although the Polytechnic was built with Polish money and in the Polish capital, only one-tenth of the students attending it might be Poles.

#### First Ocean Mail Service

A despatch from Liverpool notes that shipping circles there are observing as an important landmark the arrival at Boston from Liverpool on July 18, 1840, of the Cunard steamer *Britannia*, inaugurating the first regular mail steamship service across the Atlantic. The *Britannia* arrived at Halifax on July 17, and that is worth remembering because the Cunard Steamship Line was founded by Samuel Cunard, who was born in Halifax in 1787, and was afterwards made a baronet for his public services. Cunard was deeply interested in the first attempts to cross the Atlantic by steam, and was one of the shareholders of the *Royal William*. Joseph Howe and Thomas Chandler Haliburton were associated with Cunard in his carefully-matured plans for a line of steamships, and when the British Government invited tenders for carrying the mails between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston, he sailed for England and laid his plans before the Admiralty. Cunard succeeded in enlisting the support of several big shipping firms in England, secured the mail contract, and launched the Cunard Line, which from an initial fleet of 4 vessels of 1200 tons each has grown to its present gigantic proportions.



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### Berlin

From Warsaw, where he has been attending the International Geographical Congress, as representative of the Canadian Geographical Society, the Editor sends the following impression of Berlin as he saw the German capital en route.

"The most famous street in Berlin, Unter den Linden, under Nazi rule, looks a good deal like Fifth Avenue in New York, substituting the Swastika flag for the N.R.A. banner. Everywhere you see the red flag with its Swastika emblem, sometimes alone, or with the three-coloured flag of the Reich, or the black and yellow of Prussia.

"I suppose the one thing more than any other that strikes the visitor on his first visit to Berlin, is the tidiness and cleanliness of everything about the streets. Even the most careless individual finds himself hunting about for a receptacle to put his burnt match or cigarette stub or odd bit of paper. No one but a madman would dream of throwing a used newspaper on such streets or in the parks.

"One of a good many exploded ideas is that of the rude, overbearing Prussian. Today, at any rate, he is not in evidence. Instead one finds the people of Berlin good-natured, friendly and anxious to do little services for the stranger. I only found one example, and that was more a case of astonishment than rudeness. I asked the way to the Zoo. He looked at me with a puzzled frown. "Zoo, Zoo?" he repeated to himself. Then with an air of disgust at my absurd accent, "Ack! Tsoh!" and he showed me the way.

"Berlin is essentially a modern city. You have to hunt for what remains of the old town, back of the Cathedral. The rest is comparatively recent, the city having grown very rapidly in the last half century. The principal park, the Tier Garten, is easily one of the finest in the world, full of splendid

timber, well kept roads and walks, acres of grass,—a park you can wander about for hours and hate to leave."

### Lake Huron

The most recent figures give the area of Lake Huron as 23,010 square miles. It ranks therefore next to Lake Superior among the lakes of North America. That part of it known to-day as Georgian Bay, and once known as the Lake of the Attigouautan, was first seen by the Franciscan missionary Joseph Le Caron in 1615, and by Champlain later in the same year. Étienne Brûlé probably travelled around the main body of the lake a few years later, and ascended St. Marys river to Lake Superior. Dollier and Galinée followed substantially the same route in 1670. Champlain named it *Mer douce*, Father Membré called it *Lac d'Orléans*, it became *Lake Karegnondi* in 1656, and appeared as *Lac des Hurons* on de l'Isle's map of 1790. For many generations it was part of the water thoroughfare to and from the west and the Mississippi, both by the Ottawa and the Great Lakes routes. La Salle's *Griffon* was the first ship to sail its waters in 1679. The North West Company built the *Beaver* on Lake Huron in 1785, for use in connection with its fur trade.

### Wood Buffalo Park

As members of the Society are aware, there are in Canada two national parks designed to conserve the life of the buffalo. Wainwright Park, east of Edmonton, and not far from the boundary between Alberta and Saskatchewan, is devoted to the prairie buffalo, and has been remarkably successful in bringing back what was almost an extinct type. Wood Buffalo Park, in northern Alberta and partly in the North West Territories, is a natural preserve in which the only remaining herd of wood buffalo was found some years ago. Over 17,000 square miles of rough



wooded country was set apart as a sanctuary for this herd, and to it have been added the overflow of plains buffalo from Wainwright. Mr J. D. Soper—who will be remembered as the author of two admirable articles in the *Journal* on Baffin Island—has recently made an elaborate report of the Dominion Government on Wood Buffalo Park, as the result of two years' travel and study within its boundaries. He estimates the present number of buffalo in the Park as 8,000, and reports that the animals from Wainwright appear to have become acclimatized and to have joined the original herd. Mr Soper reported generally on the wild life of the Park, and collected more than 100 museum specimens. He also secured information as to routes for roads and trails and telephone lines, sites for cabins, particulars of lakes and rivers, their fish life and practicability for canoe and boat transport. Mr Soper has been appointed Chief Federal Migratory Bird Officer for the Prairie Provinces.

### The Home of Haliburton

In an earlier number something was said about the possibilities of a series of notes on the birthplaces or homes of Canadian authors, which reminds us that Thomas Chandler Haliburton, probably the most original of Canadian writers and one who approached nearest to the rank of genius, was born in the town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, 138 years ago. Windsor is a venerable little town, as age goes in this continent, having been organized as long ago as 1764, and standing on the site of an Acadian settlement known as Pessequid that dated back to 1710. In still earlier days the place was known to the Miemaes as Setunook. Windsor has another claim to distinction. Here was established King's College in 1790, the oldest Canadian university except Laval, whose original foundation went back to 1668. King's, however, got its royal charter in 1802 half a century before Laval. A few years ago King's College was moved to Halifax.

Haliburton was a student at King's in the early years of the last century.



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He occupied rooms on the first floor of the old building at Windsor that many years afterwards were used as the meeting place of the Haliburton Club, a college literary society. From the old regulations of the College it appears that under-graduates lived simply in Haliburton's day. "The students" it is said "shall provide their own tea and sugar for breakfast and the steward is to provide them with Bread and Butter and Milk in their own rooms." We are not told what the students got for dinner, but it is recorded that for supper they had Bread and Milk or in the alternative Bread and Cheese and Spruce Beer. Haliburton does not appear to have revealed any particular ability at college. As one writer has said he "followed the well-established tradition of genius at school by failing to distinguish himself for over-brilliance in scholarship." The honour he was to bring to his birthplace and his college was earned long years afterwards.



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